JUNE, 1927

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

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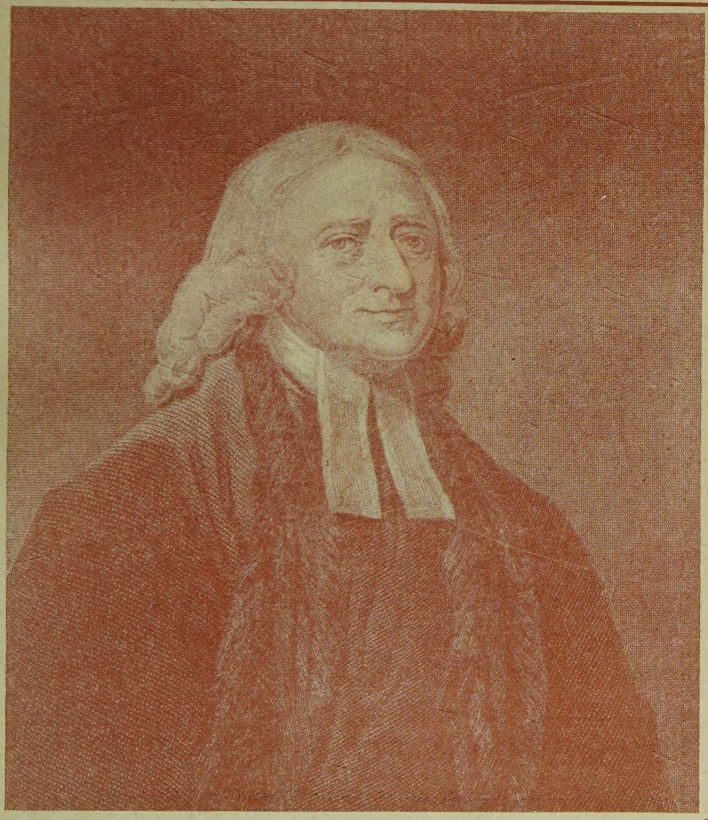

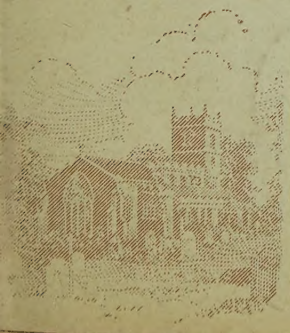

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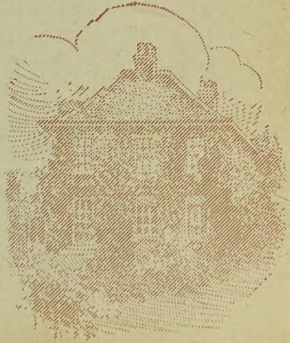

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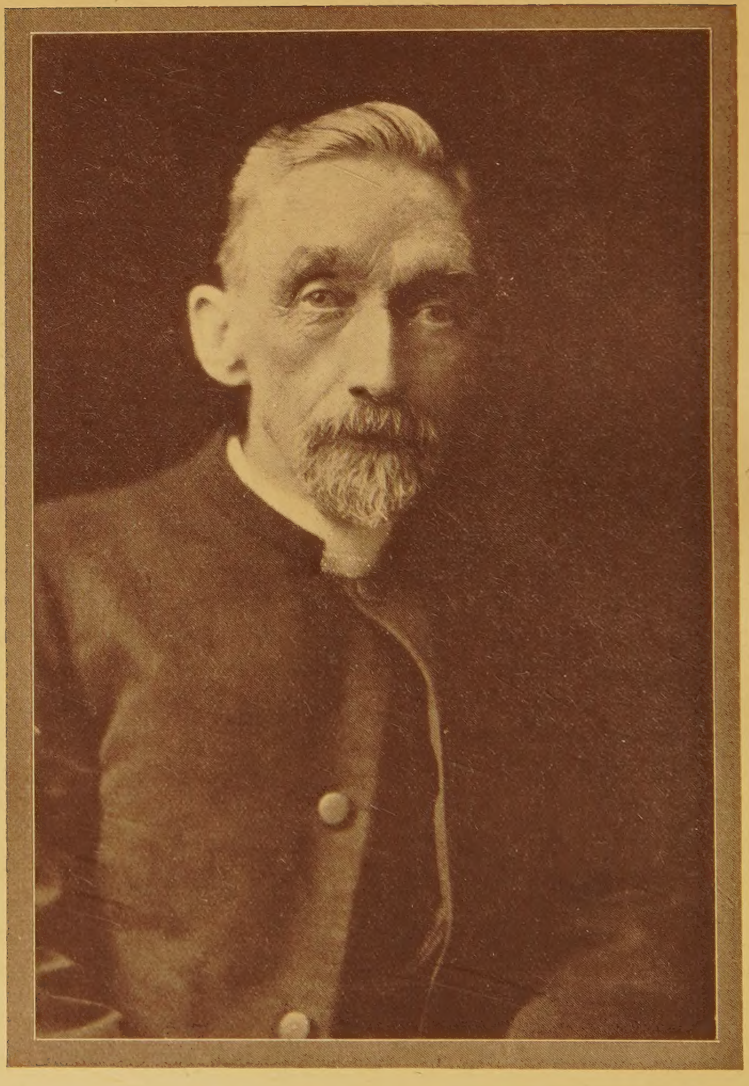


James T. Pinfold

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 150 June, 1927

Our June Number

By THE EDITOR

A Citizen of the World.

THIS is almost an Empire number, for it takes us to New Zealand, to the new State capital of Australia, and to Canada. John Wesley was a true citizen of the world, who took a living interest in everything that concerned the highest good of all his fellow-citizens. He gave an impulse to the teaching and service of the Church which all denominations share and rejoice to recognize. The Book of the Month makes his wonderful century live before us, and we understand more clearly the evils that he had to face in days when the destiny of this country was being fixed for generations.

Round the Empire.

Dr. Pinfold finds that the literature of New Zealand bears traces of Wesley's influence. He is quoted in its Parliament, and Methodism is working out his educational plans and caring for orphan children with a zeal which he would greatly have approved. Another distinguished contributor takes us to Canberra, the new centre of Government for Australia. It is being planned on a scale which will make it the pride of the States amid which it has a central position. All the Churches are being represented there. Methodism is building a place of worship in one of the suburbs, and has secured a site of five acres for a central church with hall and parsonage.

Dr. Burton reminds us that Canada, like this Magazine, is keeping its 150th birthday this year, and his spirited verses show how ' Canada, our Canada! ' lives in all British hearts.

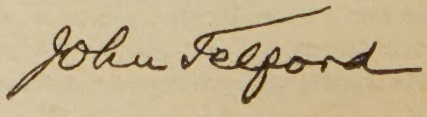
Work in England.

Professor Lofthouse will help all young folk who are employed in workshops and offices to resist everything that would lower the moral and spiritual tone of their own lives and those of others. Dr. Lidgett fights over his old battles and tells us how the death of Hugh Price Hughes proved a crisis in his own life. No one will fail to feel the music of Mr. Pearse's Summer Song, and Mr. Lightwood's instrumental accompaniment.

We publish the first of a series of articles on typical centres of Methodist life in England. Mr. Wakinshaw knows the Newcastle District intimately and pays high tribute to the enterprise and devotion of its workers. ' The Contribution of Methodism to Religious Thought ' by the Rev. George Davies reveals the secret of Wesley's influence as a religious force in the life of England. His appeal to experience, and his insistence on the fundamental doctrines of the gospel redeemed religion from the decay and dishonour into which it had fallen.

A New Life of Wesley.

The Dean of Winchester has written a short Life of Wesley for the ' Great English Churchman Series,' edited by Mr. Sidney Dark (Macmillan & Co., 6*s.* net). He says there has never been an English religious leader ' who made so great a mark upon the history of the country, and, it may be, even more, beyond its shores as did John Wesley.' Other saints and thinkers surpassed him in certain respects, ' but none of them, it is safe to say, moved more men and women to a life of holiness and philanthropy.' Dr. Hutton quotes Horace Walpole's criticism of Wesley's preaching, and adds that its meaning ' certainly is that he was a popular preacher of the highest class.' ' His sermons, when they are read, no more explain, than do Mr. Gladstone's speeches, the influence of the man. His letters, simple, sometimes humorous, always direct, written with unresting pen, show what he was. And the overwhelming evidence of contemporaries establishes him as " a man of great views, great energy, and great virtues." ' Dr. Hutton has used the standard edition of the *Journal,* which he calls ' a splendid monument of piety,' ' a classic and final edition.' He has also had before him ' the most recent and comprehensive studies ' by Dr. Simon. On the voyage to Georgia ' begins that wonderful journal which for nearly sixty years lets posterity into the very soul of this devoted man. John Wesley is as candid as Pepys. Pepys certainly never wrote for publication, and probably it was some years before Wesley did. On the American journey indeed he stripped his soul quite bare, and had no eye to the future when he set down in writing his doings and his thoughts.' Wesley ' revived the passion of English priests for the poor,' and ' many a great movement of amelioration and emancipation won strength from his influence, widely disseminated.'



The Influence of Wesley in New Zealand

By JAMES T. PINFOLD, M.A., D.D.

IN the early part of 1926 the writer visited the obelisk erected near New Plymouth to perpetuate the memory of New Zealand's first and only martyr, the Rev. John Whiteley, who was murdered by the natives at the time of the Maori War in 1869. The Maoris themselves were shocked at the terrible deed. When Wahanui, the chief, was told of the death of the misionary he was silent with horror. After the usual wailing for the dead, which was continued for a long time, he ordered the camp to be broken up and his people to retire to their own places, saying, 'Here let it end: for the death of Whiteley is more than the death of many men!' So ended the fighting between the two races. By the death of one many lives were saved.

The Martyr Missionary.

Mr. Whiteley was a native of the county of Notts. While young he had been converted under the ministry of a Wesleyan preacher. The Conference accepted his offer as a missionary, and sent him forth to this then far-distant outpost. As his granddaughter and I stood upon the site where he died at Pukearuhe (or White Cliffs) we remembered that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. We gave thanks to God for the influence, direct and indirect, that Wesley had exerted upon this 'Britain of the South,' and for the rich harvest that had been garnered for the divine glory in these fair islands of the Pacific.

Samuel Leigh was the first Wesleyan missionary to New Zealand. He preceded Whiteley by about fifteen years. The influence of John Wesley's writings upon him was direct and specific. When preparing for the Christian ministry at the Congregational Seminary in Gosport, he became conscious that the Calvinism of the principal was repugnant. The Arminianism of Methodism, as portrayed in the writings of its founder and as he had heard it expounded in the Wesleyan chapel of his native village, appealed to him and seemed more in harmony with the teaching of the Bible. So with characteristic honesty he told his thoughts to the principal and left the institution. Then he sought admission to the Wesleyan ministry. He was accepted

by the Conference; and, after two years spent in the Shaftesbury Circuit, was sent out to Sydney.

The evangelical fervour of New Zealand's first Methodist missionary has been sustained by his successors through the years that have passed since his work came to its close. Ever since the Church began its operations in the Dominion, doors of usefulness that have opened have been entered, and increases have been reported to each successive Conference. Only on one occasion was the increase small; in every other case it has been substantial and a cause for thankfulness. At present the church membership stands at 24,034.

The murder of Mr. Whiteley and the advent of Mr. Leigh remind us of the heathen condition in which the natives of New Zealand were prior to the coming of the missionaries. Physically they were a fine, noble race, but morally they were sadly depraved. The writer has met many men who in the earlier days, participated in cannibal feasts at which the daintiest morsels were cooked human flesh. Amongst the Maoris polygamy was practised and infanticide was frequent. Slavery, too, was common. At the death of a chief it was no uncommon procedure for several slaves to be killed, in order that their spirits might attend and wait upon their master in his long journey, and minister to his needs at the Reinga.

Heathen Customs Extinct.

Now all these heathen habits and customs have passed away, and are as extinct as the dodo or the moa. The influence of John Wesley, living again in his followers, has accomplished great things in the transformation of the Maori. The grace of God has changed many hearts, and these erstwhile pagans have brought forth fruit unto holiness. We sometimes wonder what would have happened in this lovely land if the missionary had never come. Some still argue that the trader should be the pioneer in opening up a country. If this course had been followed in New Zealand, it would doubtless have proved disastrous to all concerned.

The captain of a whaling-craft in the uncivilized days once upbraided a number of Maoris, and declined to pay them for work they had done on his vessel because they refused to work on the Sunday. One of the chiefs told him bluntly that had it not been for the teaching of the missionary and the sanctity of the Sabbath, they would not have asked him for their pay, but would have tomahawked, killed, and eaten him, taking his ship and all it contained for their *utu*, or revenge. But the gospel

came first, Christianity was accepted by the natives; and the influence of Wesley, as illustrated by the evangelism shown by the missionaries of the Churches, has wrought wonders in these beautiful islands. As one of our recent premiers affirmed, it is 'God's own country'; one in which His praises are sung, His love is felt, and His blessing rests upon all.

I am sometimes asked by visitors from the Homeland whether Wesley's *Journal* is read in New Zealand, to which question it has been my great pleasure to give an affirmative reply. Not so fully is it read as some of us would desire, for the age in which we live is not noted for its love of good, serious reading. Still, there are many who delight in the biographical sketches and sermonic material that are found within the covers of the *Journal*. Among the list of books printed in our *Minutes of Conference*, to guide the reading of probationers during their four years' course of study, are many volumes issued from our English Book-Room, and in which the influence of our founder is seen. In our curriculum *Wesley's Sermons* are an essential subject of examination for all probationers.

Following Wesley's Example.

Sometimes in our newspapers and magazines we meet with references and quotations that indicate the influence of Wesley and his writings upon the literature of our country. Even in debates by Members of Parliament this fact is illustrated.

In caring for the sick, the suffering, and the bereaved, the Church in New Zealand is doing its utmost to follow the example set by Wesley. There are three Orphanages under the care and control of the Methodist Conference: two in the North Island and one in the South. They are each under sympathetic and efficient matrons, and in them about two hundred children are being carefully nourished and trained for future citizenship and usefulness.

The education of the young and the proper training of those hoping to enter the Christian ministry were subjects always interesting to Wesley. New Zealand has so far felt his influence that the well-being of children looms large in all legal, social, and political deliberations and arrangements. We have a Young People's Department, with three agents specially set apart; a general secretary and two travelling organizers. These superintend and encourage the work, which includes teacher-training classes and the Bible-class movement. Our Church, for many years called by Wesley's name, has possessed since 1876 an Institution for the training of 'Candidates for the

Ministry.' Much helpful instruction has been imparted; and many of our ministers, in their zeal for work and passion for souls, have added graduation in New Zealand and other universities. A new Theological College is to be built, which will cost about £45,000. A large amount of this sum is already in hand. During the past year the Rev. Dr. Laws, the Principal, has been travelling through the Dominion soliciting subscriptions, and it is confidently anticipated that, when the new college is opened, the total required will be subscribed or promised.

The Missionary Spirit.

Inspired by the spirit of Wesley, our pioneer missionaries early interested themselves in education for the natives. The Government in 1850 made a grant of over five hundred acres ' for the support and maintenance of a school for the education of children, subjects of Her Majesty, and of children of other poor and destitute persons being the inhabitants of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean.' As one result of this, we have now at Paerata, about twenty-eight miles from Auckland, a splendid suite of buildings suitable for school purposes. They are situated in the grounds of an up-to-date farm, in which the pupils are also taught agriculture. More than fifty boys were in attendance last year, of whom about twenty were natives. The Principal is Mr. R. C. Clark, M.A., and he is assisted by a capable staff of tutors. The name of the Institution is Wesley Training College. It is intended as soon as possible that the Church shall possess a college for the training of Maori girls, but at present the scheme is only in a preparatory stage.

John Wesley's little work on *The Grounds of Vocal Musick* is very suggestive of his desire that his followers should sing correctly and harmoniously. New Zealand Methodists, realizing the need, are trying to act in accordance with his teaching. In Wesley's writings we often meet with indications of his love of music. In one passage he writes, ' While we were administering I heard a low, soft, solemn sound, just like that of an aeolian harp. It continued five or six minutes, and so affected many, they could not refrain from tears; it then gradually died away.' This practice, thus reminiscent of our Founder and of his influence upon the Churches he formed, is followed by some of our organists in New Zealand. It affords pleasure and profit to those communicants who from time to time listen to the soothing strains as they gather round the table of the Lord.

In his earlier days John Wesley went to Georgia as a missionary, intending particularly to preach the gospel to the

American Indians. The missionary spirit was a passion in the Wesley family at Epworth Rectory when Christians missions scarcely existed. In the last year of Samuel Wesley's life, he most sincerely expressed his regret that he was not young enough to go to Georgia. So his two sons, John and Charles, who were then at Oxford, carried out his wish and went as missionaries to that American colony. When John Wesley left Georgia his interest in missions did not wane. We find it showing itself again and again in his subsequent career, and specially in his relations with Dr. Coke, the founder of the West Indian Mission, who laid down the plan of Methodism in America under Mr. Wesley's direction.

Caring for Settlers and Natives.

The early Methodists who came to New Zealand, as well as the missionaries themselves, had caught Wesley's missionary spirit. They sought as far as they were able by money and service, to meet the spiritual needs of both settler and aborigine. Many devoted their Sabbaths to Christian effort, walked long distances to conduct services, and gave of their best, when that best was not always appreciated, in order that Pakeha and Maori might hear the gospel preached, be saved from sin of every kind, and be led to live holy and Christlike lives.

Up to the year 1855 New Zealand was a Missionary District under the British Conference. At that time it was united with the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church. Missions were then in existence in the Friendly Islands and in Fiji, and the Conference took into serious consideration the re-establishment of the mission to the aborigines of Australia. In the fulfilment of this programme, New Zealand took no unworthy part. This union with Australia continued until 1913. Then, after much consideration and preparation, on January 1st, 1922, the New Zealand Church took over the sole care and management of our mission work in the Solomon Islands; where there are to-day eight Euuropean ministers and one Native, five sisters, three lay missionaries, and eighteen native catechists labouring; with the Rev. J. F. Goldie as the Chairman of the District.

While the needs of the heathen in far-away islands are provided for, the Church does not forget the natives and settlers in their own land. We have a Home Mission Department, controlled by an executive in Auckland. This committee directs the efforts of a number of European and Native ministers, as well as fifty-seven Home Missionaries. Speaking generally, the

former supply services and meet the needs of the Maoris; while the latter look after the spiritual interests of the people in the newly-opened and sparsely populated portions of the country.

The influence of Wesley in New Zealand is often found among sister Churches which are striving with us to preach the gospel and win the people to Christ. This is seen in the moulding of opinions concerning truth, the cultivation of the spirit of fellowship and the encouragement of zeal in evangelism. These experiences are recognized from time to time. A few days ago in conversation, a Baptist minister, who is in charge of a city church, referred to the many he knew who were influenced by the writings of Wesley. They had also, he affirmed, a great admiration for his character and the wonderful work he had done.

An Anglican's Tribute.

At the Methodist Conference, held in 1926 in Dunedin, representatives of the Anglican Church were heartily welcomed by the President. The Bishop (Rt. Rev. Isaac Richards, D.D.), in reply, referred to the great worth of Methodism and its influence upon the Church of England. He spoke of two hundred years ago when religion was at a low ebb in the Old Country. ' The Mother Church slept, the Puritans were said to be buried, and the Methodists had not yet been born. Then the great reformer, John Wesley, had come; and his reviving work had caused an evangelical revival in the Anglican Church also. Not simply indirectly, through having a large and influential faith springing up at its side; but by the work and influence of John Wesley personally had this been done. And,' added the Bishop, ' the Methodist Church was still keeping in view the highest ideals that the heart of man could conceive.'

The power of influence is mighty and far-reaching. Like a pebble thrown into a pool it creates ripples that cease not to have an effect until the utmost part of the circumference is reached. This fact is true in the case of John Wesley's influence. He being dead yet speaketh. And his words, reproduced by his writings and his successors, have done much to benefit and enlighten New Zealand: a country of which, doubtless, he never heard. We give thanks to God, that in His good providence, Wesley's influence exerts itself in this Dominion to-day. We pray that his influence may go on increasing and extending until the gospel he preached shall be universally accepted; and it shall be said of the Methodists of our land, as Wesley said of his followers in the dear Homeland, ' Our people die well.'

Christianity in the Workshop and Office

By WILLIAM F. LOFTHOUSE, M.A., D.D.

DISCUSSIONS of School, Adolescence, and Friendship are, at least comparatively speaking, simple and pleasant. A great deal has been said, and very wisely, on each of these subjects; and we have but to collect this, and find our minds informed and illuminated. But when we pass to consider the life of the young Christian in the workshop and the office, we enter a different world of thought. We tread an uncharted and unexplored path. An immense amount of attention, indeed, has been devoted to the subject of Christianity and Business, to the ethics of competition and the ideal of service. And even if the world of commerce still seems, to many sensitive souls, dominated by pagan maxims, the very experience of struggle and conflict, with its deplorable results, is leading us, we may hope, through the darkness to a light which, if still dim, begins to reveal to us, in the world of the practicable, what had been thought to be purely Utopian.

From Home to Business.

But when we follow the boy and the girl, of generous impulses and elevated ideals, fresh from a school where *esprit de corps* is well understood, and a home where refinement and unselfishness are familiar, into a place of business or a factory where from the first they find no respect for what they have learnt to revere, and only contempt for what they hold sacred, the problem, if not really more acute, seems much more pressing. For six days of the week they must dwell in Meshech and in the tents of Kedar; what wonder if they are sorely tempted to think that Meshech is the real world with which they have to do, and that the Palestine of their home or their church is but a place of dreams?

On this subject, it may be, the parson is as fitted to carry on the discussion as any one. He is quite accustomed to being told that he knows nothing about this world of everyday life, and that his exhortations are of no avail outside the pulpit and the minister's vestry. But he has at least the advantage, as well as the disadvantage, of the onlooker. He sees more sides of the game than one. And if he does not actually suffer the knocks and blows that the players welcome, or dread, he can very possibly tell

each of them something that they themselves have not observed.

In the first place he knows that there are many different kinds of shops and offices. He is not tempted to think that the whole world is as bad, or as good, as the particular situations known to the youths or their parents. He has learnt, too, to look beneath the surface, and to know that people can as little be labelled simply ' good ' or ' bad ' as situations. Further, he has, or ought to have, a store of that sympathetic wisdom which knows how terrible a temptation may be when it is encountered for the first time, how tender (if we may trust the example and conduct of Jesus) is the judgement of God, and what stores of resistant power exist, half unsuspected, within and without the mind of the young pioneer.

The New Standards.

For the majority of young people who have been well and carefully brought up, to enter a situation for the first time is to meet a lower standard. The talk is loose and careless, or worse; the conduct is unmannerly or rude; the aims of the people he finds round him, older and younger, are low and mean. Doubtless there was selfishness at home, but it was not open and unabashed. There was perhaps more love of money than it was pleasant to think of; but money was not regarded as the one standard and aim and prize of life. Now and then there was even deceit; but it was not raised to be a rule of life, gloried in when it was successful, and only condemned when stupidity or compunction allowed it to be found out. Now he is in a world of trickery: the ' hands ' know how to deceive the foreman, if he is not very sharp; the workshop knows how far it can count on the ' boss ' not discovering what is being done; the clerks learn the ingenious little devices that ' everybody ' carries out, and yet by which, apparently, everybody is deceived; or the girls who serve at the counter are taught the falsehoods they are expected to tell to the customers.

Again, gambling, it may be, has been a thing that home and church alike frowned down; but the young recruit to industry is expected to take part in the shop ' sweep,' and finds things made unpleasant in a dozen ways if he refuses; pressure, sometimes mild, sometimes positively brutal, will be brought on him, or her, to break the pledge; and no one knows much of the life of factory or shop girls who does not know of the persistence and ingenuity with which yet darker suggestions may be pressed upon them.

Happily it is not every shop or office that presents all these

melancholy features; but even if only some of the temptations are there, life for the young Christian becomes a serious problem. 'At least,' many an employer will cry, 'such things do not happen in my place.' 'Alas, sir,' the parson must often reply, 'are you quite sure?' Sometimes the parson, after a round of visiting, knows more than the employer sitting at his office desk. And he is aware, too, that there are many employers who do know, and do not care; sometimes, he admits with a sigh, employers who have held quite high offices in the Church.

'What Would Jesus Do?'

What wonder that Meshech becomes a land of divided loyalties and a double life? On Sundays the youth does his best to forget the laws that he must obey during the week, or to salve his conscience for bowing down in the house of Rimmon. Possibly he may even begin to ask himself whether Rimmon may not be after all the more powerful god of the two. 'The course he should take,' you say, 'is to ask himself, What would Jesus do?' But to ask that question is really to ask, What do I suppose that Jesus would have done, in circumstances entirely different from those of the Gospels?—a wholly different question. How can the lad possibly tell what Jesus would have done, or how can we tell for him?

To some, indeed, the answer will seem simple. He must never do what he knows to be wrong; and therefore, if there is no other way, he must give notice, or be dismissed. But he has perhaps a mother or sisters dependent on him. Are they to starve while he finds another place?

The Lord, you reply, will provide; faith will remove mountains; the righteous will never be seen begging his bread. This is the heroic answer; and it is not difficult to make, so long as we have no concrete case to which to apply it. And no one who has sat at the feet of St. Paul will acquiesce, at all events in theory, in doing evil that good may come, even if that good is the health or the life of one's own mother. But the problem is seldom so simple or so ruthless as that. Indeed, the actual problems vary indefinitely, and there is no general rule to be laid down. Sometimes it may be necessary to venture everything, as in the extreme case where a manager says to a young and friendless girl, 'Give me what I ask, or I dismiss you to-morrow morning.' But all cases are not extreme; and to give notice and go out into the wilderness, however heroic, implies that you leave the wickedness which drove you out to go on unchecked.

It is, in fact, a confession of failure. This will perhaps seem a

paradox to those who think of the religious life as consisting mainly in the avoidance of sin, or whose thoughts of Christ centre round His sinlessness. But sinlessness is at best negative. It is not emphasized in the Gospels; it is even doubtful whether the often-quoted words, 'Which of you convicteth Me of sin?' amount to a categorical assertion of His own sinlessness by Jesus; though every Christian must rejoice to reflect that when He was tempted like us, He did not, like us, fall; yet His life was far more than an act of resistance, however prolonged and dogged. The example He set was an example of active obedience and unquenchable love, manifested in the constant endeavour to rescue and redeem others. It is not the avoidance but the conquest of sin which is our aim. And the recognition of this fact will assist the solution of many a difficult question of conduct.

Unsuspected Resources.

The circumstances that raise these questions, in shop or office, as we have already seen, are very various; but they can be reduced to two classes; when the youth is faced with 'Do this, or we will make it unpleasant for you'; and, 'Do this, or off you go.' Let us begin with the first. In certain natures a threat will always rouse a spirit of resistance; a threatener is often a bully; a bully is generally a coward. What is true of the devil is true of the bully; you resist him, and he flees. Moreover, even when the threat is not a piece of bluster, it is often a piece of bluff. To 'call the bluff' will mean a revelation to both parties in the game.

But it may be that there is real and determined malice to be encountered and real hardship to be borne. We have then to remember that in every one of us there are untapped resources, and in Christ there are unexpected reservoirs of strength. We are apt to imagine that we possess so much in the way of resistant power, and no more. We calculate the extent of our own forces; and if the enemy advancing against us comes with larger battalions, we expect to fail. But conduct is not a matter of arithmetic. Moral resistance is not a matter of foot-pounds. No one knows what he can do till he tries—if then! A sudden alarm, like the discovery of an unsuspected but angry bull in the field we are crossing, may fill us with surprise at our powers of speed. And a sudden call of duty, like the cry of a drowning man, may reveal within any of us the stuff of which heroes are made.

Still less is it possible to reduce to schedule the resources of

Christ. 'All things are possible to him that believeth.' We simply do not know what we can do, or endure, when we fling ourselves with confidence on the Heavenly Power that waits to be allowed to make itself responsible for us. What we do know is that by some divine ordinance, the recognition of a duty to Him creates the power to carry it out, and the subtle advance of temptation equips us with the wisdom and the endurance to overcome it.

'Changing the King's Word.'

But what of the second type of difficulty: 'Do this, or you will be dismissed'? The three Hebrew children could face the fiery ordeal; but they had after all only themselves to think about; as far as we know, they had no mothers or sisters dependent, for a living, on the lads being kept on as pages at the royal court. Well, even here we are dealing with what is very often mere bluff. Are you so sure that you will be dismissed? The story of Shadrach and his brave young companions ends with a very significant phrase that is often overlooked. Nebuchadnezzar is made to say that they trusted in God, and *changed the king's word.* Their courage did not only deliver them; it converted the king. If, as we saw, we cannot schedule our own powers, it is equally impossible to schedule those of other people. It may be that the worst, bravely faced, will become not the worst but the best.

But if it does not? If I have to face dismissal? If I have to become a marked man, so that, turned off by one employer, I find that no one else will take me on? Here no general law can be laid down. A man in such a dilemma must find the wisest counsellor he can, and then wait for some definite guidance from above. It is not God's way to keep silence and then condemn a man for not obeying a voice he never heard. But one thing at least can be said; and that is, that for the member of a Christian Church the dilemma ought never to arise. Nor, we may add, did God ever intend that it should. For the Church is not simply a society of people who meet to worship and pray together, to recite their common convictions and make their contributions to a common fund; it is a society of people who are banded together to bear one another's troubles, to meet one another's needs, and, as Jesus expressed it in the Fourth Gospel, to wash one another's feet.

The Church's Support.

The jaded public which watched the untiring activities of the early Christians were amazed at their enthusiasm for the least

respectable individuals, run-away slaves and jail-birds; the New Testament writers lay more emphasis on the duties of Christians to one another. These duties must always come first. The early Methodist Hymn-books contained comparatively few references to what we call ' social service '; but those who braved the jeers and ill-will and open maltreatment of their neighbours to find their way to the humble class-meeting and sing

> Help us to help each other, Lord,
> Each other's cross to bear,
> Let each his kindly aid afford,
> And feel his brother's care,

were not thinking of spiritual assistance only. They knew that they could rely on one another; and, however uninfluential they might be, union meant a force which was not only moral, but social and economic.

In these days the danger from persecution, open or concealed, though often serious enough, is far less than it was then; and the resources of the Church, if they were mobilized, are far greater. They are often quite sufficient to meet the hardest case that we have been imagining. Bullying or wrongful dismissal, before which the individual and inexperienced youth or girl would be helpless, would be a very different thing if the bully knew that behind his victim was the public opinion of the Church. And the victim would face persecution with a very different mind if he too knew that he had the Church behind him, actively interested and ready to step in. In the old heroic days a Perpetua and a Blandina knew that they were supported by the Church's prayers, even though the Church could do nothing else against the procurator and his lictors. But the wiser teachers of the Church have never held it to be a Christian duty to seek martyrdom. It is far better for all concerned, for the sufferers and the inflictors of martyrdom, that ' the king's word should be changed.'

It is probable that the Church to-day has more power to do this than it ever had. It would hardly be possible to find a Methodist circuit where, if such victimization as we have been thinking of were threatened, men and women could not be found able, if necessary by acting together, to exert influence over the recalcitrant employer, or, if need be, to protect or support or find other employment for the victim. No one would say that this could actually be done in every circuit to-morrow. If we are to be quite frank, we should have to confess that in some circuits those who might be expected to take the lead would have their

own reasons for hanging back. But it is much to recognize the possibility and the duty.

There are untapped resources in the Church, as in the individual. Some perhaps even to-day will suggest that this is to detract from the ' spiritual ' work of the Church. Let them wait till they are themselves in urgent need of assistance. But the danger is imaginary. Let a Church learn to give the broad evangelical interpretation to the command ' feed My lambs,' let its members regard themselves as forming one large family, obeying the noble rule, ' to each according to his needs, from each according to his powers,' and they will be surprised (as Churches have been surprised before now) at the warmth they will find in their moribund meetings for fellowship and prayer, the inspiration in their public gatherings and services, the unlooked-for wealth flowing into their funds (for kindness begets kindness), and the new appeal in the gospel preached in their midst.

Honour

By RUPERT W. BELL

HAST played the game? Hast run the race?
Hast earned thy fame without disgrace?
So that, when this short journey's run,
Thou'rt qualified to hear 'Well done'?
Canst look thy Maker in the face
When called to render thy account—
Shorn of embroidery and lace—
Hast kept the Sermon on the Mount?
And made thy talents doubly five
In rendering service when alive?
Hast loved thy neighbour as thyself,
And done as thou wouldst be done by?
Hast scorned to make a god of wealth?
Hast ever been prepared to die,
If by thy death His end was served?
Hast never from thy duty swerved?
Then hast thou in His vineyard worked,
And thy reward will surely be
(As night on earth doth follow day)
The sleep of sweet tranquillity—
For thou hast rightly played thy part—
Creation's plan! Blessed thou art!

Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

VI.

IT was during these years of exacting work upon the London School Board that I came to play an increasing part in the Connexional affairs of Wesleyan Methodism. I had been for some years a member of various Committees, including the Home Mission Committee and the Education Committee. But I had not been greatly concerned in denominational administration. In 1896, however, it became clear that the Conservative Government would be likely to undertake legislation on the Education question. Indeed, they had already made an unsuccessful attempt to do so. The Conference, therefore, of that year, which was held in Liverpool, appointed a Special Committee to deal with the subject. It so happened that at the Conference I made a successful speech in response to a sudden challenge upon the question of the relation of the Church to Recreation, an issue that was raised in regard to what are called Institutional Churches. So it came about that I was appointed Convener of this Special Education Committee, and was at once brought into intimate relations with all the protagonists in the early stages of the controversy. In particular, I received the confidences—always frank and sometimes amusing—both of Dr. Rigg and of Hugh Price Hughes.

The 1902 Education Controversy.

Then in 1897 the Rev. C. H. Kelly secured my appointment on the Executive Committee of the newly-formed National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, and soon after I became Secretary of its Education Committee, while in 1899, on Mr. Kelly's retirement from the office, I was appointed Ministerial Secretary of the Committee of Privileges, with Mr. (afterwards Sir Percy Bunting) as my Lay colleague. Hence, in addition to my position on the London School Board, I was charged with other Educational responsibilities when the introduction of Mr. Balfour's Education Bill in 1902 brought about the great storm of Educational controversy. The primary cause of that measure was, of course, the financial plight of the Voluntary—now the Non-provided—Schools, which could not approach the new standards set up by the School Boards, and found it impossible to maintain even their existing unsatisfactory level, owing to the

decline of enthusiasm in the cause and the consequent falling off of subscriptions. Other influences were at work.

In view of the recent development of local government through the creation of County, District, and Parish Councils, growing objection was taken to the existence of *ad hoc* bodies, particularly the School Boards, with their independent power to call upon the rates and the steady increase of their demands. It was thought that their abolition and the transfer of their duties to the ordinary Municipal Authorities would successfully temper onesided Educational enthusiasm and extravagance by the balanced judgement and prudence of bodies charged with the control of all local concerns. Then the Municipal Authorities had already been charged with the administration of Technical Education, maintained by the so-called ' Whisky money,' and the development of Secondary Education was coming to be seen as needing Municipal support and control. In face of all these factors of opposition, the position of the School Boards was weakened owing to the fact that they had never become universal, and that local oppositions to their establishment were increasingly active. So it came about that the Voluntary Schools were to be maintained out of the rates, that the School Boards were to be abolished, and that the control and maintenance of all forms of Education, with a view to their ' co-ordination,' was henceforth to be vested in the Councils, with the one great exception that their control of the Voluntary Schools was incomplete, and that the denominational character of these Schools was to be preserved both in the appointment of teachers and in the nature of the religious instruction to be given. Both the theoretic and the practical grievances of this imperfect control and these intrenched privileges were increased by the fact that as an investigation made by the Committee of Privileges, at the instance and expense of Mr. (now Sir Robert) Perks, showed, there were 8,000 ' single school areas ' in England and Wales, where Elementary Education was entirely in the hands of the Established Church.

Nonconformity in Revolt.

Thus it came about that practically the whole of Nonconformity was in revolt, and that a fighting alliance between the National Free Church Council, the champions of the School Boards and the Liberal Party was brought about. Incidentally the conflict had the damaging result that the National Free Church Council, which was originated not merely for the maintenance and furtherance of Free Church principles and

ideals but as a practical instalment of that larger Reunion to which its founders had looked forward, became the protagonist in an embittered strife with the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches and immersed in a political campaign, which, of necessity, assumed the form of a close alliance with one particular Party,—the Liberal,—in the State.

At the outset, a great meeting of protest was held in St. James's Hall, and a Deputation to Mr. Balfour was appointed. The leading spokesman of this Deputation was the Principal of Mansfield College, Dr. A. M. Fairbairn. With the dour determination of a Scotsman, and the ardour so often shown by men who emerge from academic seclusion to take part in public affairs, he ended his speech by the declaration, ' We will not submit.' This declaration of war struck the key-note and trumpet-call to the Passive Resistance Movement. The impassioned fervour of Dr. Clifford and his slogan, ' Rome upon the rates,' led to its organization during the summer and autumn of 1902. Both Dr. Fairbairn and Dr. Clifford were confident that this declaration and display of conscientious and determined opposition would lead to the withdrawal of the Bill. They underrated both the pertinacity of Mr. Balfour and the cohesion of the Conservative forces in Parliament.

The Wesleyan Conference, which met that year in Manchester under the Presidency of Dr. J. Shaw Banks, joined in the protest against the Bill, though, owing to its existing interests in denominational Education, the protest was more measured and not unanimous. Hence the subject came to be remitted to a joint meeting of the Extraordinary Committee of Privileges and the Education Committee, which met to consider the situation early in 1903. As Ministerial Secretary of the Committee of Privileges I had the chief responsibility for the arrangements and for dealing with the decisions of the meeting.

Free Church Council and Passive Resistance.

During the preceding autumn, however, I had been busily engaged upon the subject, and particularly in a successful endeavour to keep the National Free Church Council from identifying itself with the Passive Resistance Movement. I felt strongly that the distinction between aid from the Rates and aid from the Taxes—though real—was too fine, that the precedent that would be set was too dangerous, and that the result would be too divisive for the National Free Church Council to take part in it. Having rallied strong Wesleyan and Presbyterian support, I made such representations to the

Executive Committee of the Council as led Dr. Clifford frankly, though reluctantly, to see that the situation was impossible, and as the result he and his supporters immediately formed the National Passive Resistance Committee on lines of entire independence of the National Free Church Council.

The Education Bill of 1902 passed into law, and was succeeded by the Education Bill for London, which occupied part of the session of 1903. The reason why London was dealt with in a separate measure was that the division of its general local government between the County Council, the City Corporation, and the twenty-eight established Borough Councils raised certain administrative problems special to itself. The general principles of the London Bill were the same as those of the Act of 1902, but the Bill, in its first form, conferred such responsibilities upon the Borough Councils as would have effectually destroyed the unity and coherence of Education in London. Hence, in addition to the ordinary Parliamentary opposition, personal explanations had to be given and personal influences used in all the quarters where the main responsibility for the Bill rested. In making these representations Lord Reay, Sir Charles Elliott, Mr. Bridgeman and I all took an active part. As the result an amended Bill was substituted, which gave the London County Council practically complete control of all forms of Education in the County, and thus an immense educational disaster was averted.

Death of Hugh Price Hughes.

While this great controversy was in process Wesleyan Methodism sustained a terrible loss in the sudden and unexpected death of Hugh Price Hughes. Before I end this narrative I shall have something more to say about him and the great contests in which he engaged, particularly with Dr. Rigg. For the moment I will content myself with speaking of the shock that came to me through his death and of its effect upon my subsequent career. I had been with him at Zion College a few hours before he passed away, to hear an address upon St. Francis of Assisi given by M. Paul Sabatier. My book on *The Fatherhood of God in Christian Truth and Life* had just appeared, and Mr. Hughes had been reading it for review in *The Methodist Times*. He stopped, as he came into the meeting, to speak about it and to tell me that he had preached upon the book at St. James's Hall the night before. Subsequently Mrs. Hughes lent me the notes of this sermon, and I heard of his conversation with the Sisters of the West London Mission over

the tea-table before he preached it. The fatal seizure came to him, as will be remembered, on his way home from that meeting. It is easy, therefore, to imagine my consternation, when, on entering the dining hall of the Settlement for breakfast the next morning, I was met by the announcement 'Hugh Price Hughes is dead.' I actually leapt in the air, and shut myself up for the whole of that morning in sorrow and thought. Not only was I overwhelmed by the loss that had come, particularly to Methodism, as well as to the Churches and the nation, but I felt that a crisis had arisen in my own career.

Wesleyan Methodism and National Education.

As I have already described, my interest at the time had been absorbed and my energies were fully taxed with the concerns of the Bermondsey Settlement, with the work of the London School Board, with the Education controversy and with theological writing. I had not felt, hitherto, any deep sense of responsibility in regard to ecclesiastical matters, either denominational or general, but had been content to follow, with reservations, the lead of Mr. Hughes. Now I felt that the situation was entirely altered, and that I was under an obligation to play my part in the general life and policy of the Church, as well as in special concerns. In particular, and for the time being, this meant for me increased responsibility in helping to shape the policy of Wesleyan Methodism in regard to National Education, and this duty I sought to discharge at the united meeting of the Committee of Privileges with the Education Committee, to which I have already referred, and during the months that intervened between that meeting and the Conference of 1903. My position was not altogether easy, for while strongly opposed to the Balfour legislation on the grounds I have already explained, yet my hereditary association with denominational Education made me respect both the motives and the feelings of those who supported it.

In pursuance of the policy laid down by the Joint Committee I was requested, at a private consultation, to propose the series of Education Resolutions at the Conference, which were to be seconded by Mr. (now Sir Robert) Perks. Meanwhile I had been nominated to the Presidency of the Metropolitan Federation of Free Churches, and, in that capacity and in the absence abroad of the then President, Dr. J. Monro Gibson, I presided over a great meeting of protest against the London Education Bill that was held, just before the Conference, at the Albert Hall. In regard to this meeting, by

the way, an interesting incident may be recalled. The late Sir Robert Morant, who was generally believed to have had great influence in shaping the Government policy, had applied to me for a ticket to attend the meeting, and he sat by my wife in a box, smiling pleasantly while Mr. Perks denounced his maleficent activity to the vast audience. As I journeyed to the Conference at Camborne, filled with anxiety about the impending issue and my own responsibility in regard to it, I was visited by the influence that has again and again come to me at the turning-points of my life. The consequence was that when I rose in the Conference to make my speech I was lifted out of myself, and my speech made an immense impression upon the audience. Whatever may have been the merits of my argument, one thing is quite certain. That speech made me, first of all, President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches in 1906, and then President of the Conference in 1908. It opened an altogether new chapter in my public life.

[*To be continued*]

The True Life

By CHARLES CLOSE

I HAVE tried, and I have failed;
I have strived, and not prevailed;
I have hoped, and lost the day;
I have groped, and missed my way.

I have read, ' The quest is vain ';
I have said, ' There's nought to gain ';
I have seen men turn their back;
I have been advised to slack.

Now I know that it was right,
On to go with losing fight,
On to wrest 'gainst strongest foe,
And the quest to ne'er forgo.

Life is not just winning fights,
Life is not just gaining heights:
Life's to find, then face the goal;
Life's an attitude of soul!

John Wesley's Century

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

MR. A. S. TURBERVILLE has written an illustrated narrative of *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century,* on which the Clarendon Press has lavished its great resources. It has 554 pages, and the list of illustrations covers nearly twelve pages, yet it is published at ten shillings net. Miss M. O. Davis made the suggestion which led Mr. Turberville to undertake his huge task, and he gratefully acknowledges the unremitting zeal with which Mr. Johnson, the Printer to the University, has helped him in securing such a wealth of illustrations.

The Augustan Age.

The School of Pope dominated the first part of the century. 'Its work was extraordinarily chaste in expression and highly polished; it was also notably devoid of enthusiasm. This was because it thoroughly disliked and disapproved of the florid, extravagant language, and forced involved ideas and conceits which had marred some of that so-called late Elizabethan literature which is really Jacobean. The Classical school condemned that style as unnatural and in bad taste, and demanded greater restraint, correctness, and purity of diction. It made literature "gentlemanly," and it appealed to a small educated class composed of London Society and of men of letters themselves, those Wits who frequented the Coffee Houses, which became so popular at the opening of the century and which performed the function, nowadays exercised by the literary journal, of criticizing the current poetry, drama, and other writings of the day.' The poetry had more of wit than of fancy, of cleverness than of inspiration. Its prose surpassed its poetry, though its general inspiration was Latin, and it abounds in Latin words and constructions. The oratory was as great as the prose literature. 'English eloquence reached its greatest height in the speeches of Chatham and Burke; and on only a slightly lower plane were those of Bolingbroke, Hardwicke, Sheridan, Fox, and Erskine.'

The Religious Temper.

The age was reasonable. If lacking in enthusiasm, it was dispassionate and eminently tolerant. 'The most powerful school in the Church of England was what is called Latitudinarian, and its great members, like Burnet, Tillotson,

Stillingfleet, Hoadly, Warburton, Conyers Middleton, invariably addressed themselves to reason, never to passion. Broadmindedness was their common characteristic.' A very undogmatic deism was popular. The religious life of the century —particularly in the Church of England—has often been condemned as cold, listless, and barren.

Mr. Turberville says, ' There is a good deal of truth in the charge. Religion that is unemotional is apt to be phlegmatic. But this is only a half-truth. The teaching of comprehensiveness and brotherly love among sects of differing doctrinal views is a great religious achievement. And the coldness and lifelessness that undoubtedly did exist in the Church of England produced its reaction in the mysticism of William Law and the evangelicalism of the Wesleys and Whitefield. The eighteenth century contains both—Burnet and Law, Wake and John Wesley.'

The Three Georges.

George I was proclaimed without opposition in 1714. The Jacobite rising of 1715 might have been serious, had it not been for the dilatoriness and want of energy of the Earl of Mar, who led the very considerable Jacobite forces in Scotland, and the lack of co-ordination between his movement and that of Forster and Lord Derwentwater in Lancashire. Still more decisive was the fact that the peace with France prevented the Pretender receiving foreign assistance. George II ' though inferior to his predecessor, had plenty of common sense and sagacity; moreover, he allowed himself to be guided by that very remarkable woman and statesman, Caroline of Anspach, and between her and Walpole there existed throughout a very firm friendship and sympathy.' George III, who came to the throne in 1760, was ' a young man of impeccable virtues, glorying in the name of Britain, determined to be every inch a king.' Yet despite his high-minded view of his responsibilities, he was ' in considerable measure responsible for the most calamitous blunders of his lifetime—the assaults upon constitutional liberty asociated with the name of Wilkes, the breach with the American colonies, and the refusal of Catholic emancipation to Ireland.'

Two Statesmen of the Century.

Walpole was a great popular minister who understood the English people, and was himself a typical Englishman of his generation, only endowed with a touch of genius. ' He was a very coarse man, both in mind and in speech; though he could appreciate and openly acknowledge disinterestedness when

he saw it, he took a very low view of human nature.' But he loved the soil, was open-hearted, companionable, honest. He rode hard to hounds; had courage, firmness, self-reliance. There was nothing petty or mean or malicious about him. He was direct and to the point in action, speech and debate. ' He was devoid of enthusiasm, sentiment, illusions,—but that common sense of which he was possessed was a rare commodity—a clear-sighted penetration into facts and a sound judgement of them. Finally, let it be said to his honour that he stamped upon his policy the hall-mark of much that is best in the eighteenth century—a conciliatory, tolerant temper, the lenient spirit of compromise which is the most stable security of peace.'

William Pitt was ' fashioned in a grander mould than any other figure in the eighteenth century.' He was the champion of the rights of the people. His patriotism was that of an enthusiast for the cause of liberty. In 1755 his eloquence, said Horace Walpole, ' like a torrent long obstructed, burst forth with commanding impetuosity.' He took astounding liberties with the House of Commons, and was histrionic to a degree. ' Did no one laugh? ' a member was asked. ' No, sir,' was the reply, ' we were all too much awed to laugh.' Pitt saw that Newcastle's ministry was utterly incapable of carrying on a great war. He declared that the nation would achieve nothing without self-help. Its one device was to hire allies and mercenaries. ' What an inglorious picture for this country to figure, gentlemen driven by an invasion like a flock of sheep, and forced to send their money abroad to buy courage and defence.' ' I am sure I can save this country, and nobody else can.' That was a proud claim, but Pitt made it good. Frederick the Great hailed him as the man for whom England had long been waiting. The *annus mirabilis* of his military success was 1759, when Horace Walpole wrote, ' We are forced to ask every morning what victory there has been for fear of missing one.' Pitt picked out men like Wolfe, of his own mettle, as commanders, and inspired them by his magnetic influence. ' He roused the spirit of the whole with an infectious enthusiasm and confidently acting on the principle always that there are no such things as chance and the impossible.' The last period of his life was perhaps the greatest. He declaimed against the arbitrary action of the House of Commons in twice expelling Wilkes. The fratricidal war with the Americans horrified him, but when we had been badly worsted, his last speech was a protest against the dismemberment of the empire. England mourned him as ' one of

the greatest sons of the empire he had done so much to strengthen, to extend, to exalt.'

His best speeches were impromptu. Their effect sometimes amounted even to awe and terror. 'Although they have been for the most part inadequately reported, the fire is still lambent in Chatham's speeches; they abound in phrases which, once known, are not easily forgotten; their fervour, their invective, their sublimity are still alive with the glow of the great personality that produced them.' Gratton said they dealt with 'great subjects, great empires, great characters, effulgent ideas.'

The Divines.

The English Church in the Eighteenth Century has become a byword for worldliness and lethargy, though the period opened with abundant promise. The S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K. were both flourishing, and Queen Anne surrendered to the Church the Crown's rights to first-fruits and tenths. Queen Anne's Bounty was thus created for the augmentation of poor livings. 'There were still plenty of zealous, high-minded, and intellectual clergy. On the other hand there were too many who possessed none of these qualities. The most distinguished bishops and higher dignitaries were often much more interested in the literary and academic world than in the organization of a diocese and the supervision of parochial activities. They were expert controversialists, not inspiring leaders and teachers; they were often better witnesses of the "reasonableness of Christianity" than of its original force. The word "enthusiasm" was anathema to the well-bred man of Georgian days, cleric as well as layman. It is noteworthy that the pious Lord Lyttelton in his work on St. Paul was at great pains to prove that the Apostle was not an enthusiast. It is true that in eighteenth-century parlance the word had a different shade of meaning from that which we give it—being used as a synonym for fanaticism. Nevertheless, it is an ill thing for any society—and most of all a religious society—when it can only detect in divine possession something meretricious.'

Mr. Turberville is wide of the mark when he states that John Wesley was for three years a Fellow of Lincoln. He was elected in 1726 and held the fellowship till his marriage in 1751. Sacheverell's defence, John Wesley tells us, was written by his father, the Rector of Epworth. Justice is done to Charles Wesley as 'a man of great will-power and initiative.' Whitefield's eloquence was 'perhaps the most powerful of the century.' John Wesley is described as 'an exceedingly superstitious man,' that

is, he shared the beliefs of his time in such matters. There is no question, we are told, as to the profound impression created on certain classes of the population by the fervour of the Wesleyan field-preachers—upon the rough miners of Kingswood, Lancashire, and Cornwall, and still more markedly in Wales. Much of Cowper's poetry is 'impregnated with Methodist ideas, and he did more to disseminate evangelical doctrine than Newton and all his *confrères* put together.' Unitarianism spread with startling rapidity after 1718, 'especially among the Presbyterians, from whose ranks it made so many converts that the denomination, so powerful in England in the seventeenth century, sank into comparative insignificance.' Mr. Turberville adds that the later years of the century 'brought a signal revival. The evangelical fervour which Wesleyanism spread broadcast reinspired the older denominations and proved their salvation. Through it a new, virile Nonconformity was created—the widely diffused and influential Nonconformity of the nineteenth century.'

Rich of Covent Garden.

Every side of the century's life may be studied in this comprehensive volume. The section on 'Drama, Stage, and Music,' tells us how, when John Rich moved into his fine new theatre in Covent Garden in 1733, he charged half a guinea for seats on the stage, where privileged patrons had been accustomed to sit. Rich ministered lavishly to the 'love of the spectacular, provided elaborate scenery, real water, real animals, and he was once only dissuaded from bringing an elephant upon the stage because it was proved to him that the hole in the wall of the theatre which would have to be driven to admit the entrance of the beast would be so large as to imperil the stability of the building.' Rich was the creator of English pantomime, and its transformation scene is one of his gifts to the English theatre. That throws fresh light on Mrs. Rich's conversion under Charles Wesley's ministry at West Street.

A Picture Gallery.

The illustrations, so lavishly introduced into Mr. Turberville's volume, form not merely a portrait gallery of celebrities, but a collection of handbills and broad-sheets, important tables of statistics, caricatures, historic scenes, and buildings, famous pictures, wedgwood vases, in fact, of everything that can make a great century live again before our eyes.

The Tripe-Shop

The Sixth of the Tales of our Village

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

ABOUT fifty yards beyond Target's shop, and on the same side of the street, opposite the Bowling Green, was situated Barnard's Tripe-Shop. It possessed a jutting window, which projected itself over the narrow footpath, easily enough avoided by day, but the cause of some considerable ill-feeling (physical and mental) on dark nights—on Saturday nights in particular, after Leighton's-on-the-Bank, the only public-house in Farley, closed. At that hour the tripe-shop was closed, and no light shone from the house, the Barnards being early-to-bed folk. There were three of them,—Silas Barnard, who was over seventy; his wife Sarah, who was two years his senior; and a very handsome and laughter-making son, who had come home from Canada to carry-on when his father broke his leg and became a little broken in spirit.

This son (John by christening and Jack by nomenclature) was thirty-five, but looked younger by reason of his exceeding gay countenance. He had done well in Canada breeding cattle, and had saved quite a little pile of money; so he now was able to hold his head up in Farley as well off. He carried on his father's already flourishing little business with vigour and considerable good sense. Jack called it horse-sense, for he considered a tripe-shop a very small proposition compared with those he had successfully dealt with in Canada. He was unmarried; which somewhat amazed the village folk, as he was so attractive.

He arrived at Farley on the very day that Barnes, Lady Laverdy's footman, left her to become the secretary of Mr. Cuthbert Nicholson. Jack actually encountered Barnes at Hastings railway-station. It was of Barnes that he asked for information as to the means of reaching the isolated village of Farley; and Barnes had told him that he had just come from there, and had directed him regarding the carrier's cart, which left Hastings each day for Farley. Barnes had added that, if the stranger had much luggage, he had best hurry up, and leave word at the Passula Tobacco-Shop, where the carrier always called.

Jack Barnard appreciated this kindly interest, as only a Canadian can; for in Canada every one helps his neighbour much more than is the case in England. Jack had been in

Canada ever since he was sixteen, and on returning he found the people of his native country a trifle aloof. He had felt damped and lonesome as soon as he had landed in Liverpool. In London where he had stayed the night, he had felt exiled. But Barnes had been friendly, and it had cheered him. So, when at last he presented himself at his father's house, he was in excellent spirits.

The old folk had been overjoyed to see him; and his mother had cooked a chicken, and made a ' figgy-pudding.'

Jack, sitting in the cosy back parlour with his mother (white-aproned and white-capped above the white hair) and his father (lame, but benignant, and so happy), felt he was glad to be home. He smoked his pipe of ' macdonald ' with supreme content. He had never been in Farley before, for his people had come there after he went to Canada. So he asked many questions, which included information about Barnes. He wanted to know if his father still preached, too, for Silas Barnard had been a local preacher in Bristol.

Yes, Silas did preach sometimes still. He hoped to continue. There was a very nice Wesleyan minister in Farley now—Mr. Jefferson. But Silas wanted Jack to talk of himself and Canada; and the old mother, who sat close to him, her frail hand on his, gave his a tender pressure.

Just then there was a loud bang, followed by angry ejaculations.

' Oh, dear! that window again! ' exclaimed Mrs. Barnard.

A loud knocking on the shop door followed.

Jack jumped up, opened the door with the curtained glass panels that led to the shop, unbarred the shop door, and opened it.

' What is this all-fired noise about? ' he inquired. ' What's the trouble, anyway? '

The light of a lamp which Mr. Barnard was carrying, as he limped into the shop behind his son, revealed the features of Bill Price, the sexton, tousled and hatless, and decidedly angry.

' 'Taint the first time that window of yours has took my hat off,' he pronounced, ' and I want a light to find it. I lost my matches in the churchyard.'

By this time the lamp was held close, and Bill became aware that the doorway was blocked by an entire stranger.

' 'Taint Silas! ' he ejaculated confusedly.

' No, old man; but it is his son, come home from Canada. You come right in, while I get your hat. You sit by the fire a bit. There's some wind to-night. Your hat may be careering down

the street. I'll get my torch; it's in my "grip" in the parlour.'

'I ain't much for going into folks's houses,' said Bill sourly. 'I'll stop here. You can get your thing-a-ma-jig and look for my hat. Your father's window knocked it off, so it did.'

Jack laughed, and speedily unstrapped his 'grip,' and took out a powerful electric torch.

'I got this in Liverpool,' he remarked to his mother as he pressed a spring to show her a miniature searchlight. 'I knew you were right in the country, and I'd have to find my way on dark roads.'

Out through the shop this very active young man darted, nearly upsetting the sexton, who was hugging the doorpost. Down the road he sped, his torch flaming out, while his prairie-bred eyes scanned the ground. All at once his torch illuminated a woman's face. She started, for the light blinded her. She uttered a faint cry.

'Don't be scared,' said Jack. 'I'm just hunting for the hat of an all-fired son of a coyote my father's window has knocked off.'

The woman laughed girlishly.

'You must be Silas Barnard's son,' she said. 'I heard you were coming from Canada,—and your—funny way of talking, and—well, the *window* make me know. I am glad you have come. Your parents need you.'

'Maybe I need them,' said Jack. I'm mighty tired of "batching it." But that hat I've got to find.'

'Well now, I'm standing on something funny,' said the woman.

The something proved to be a very dilapidated felt hat of uncertain colour and shape.

'Why, that belongs to Bill Price the sexton!' affirmed the woman.

'Oh, sexton is he!' laughed Jack. 'Well, he seems a bit mouldy-minded.'

Jack picked up the hat, and was saying good-night to the woman when she said, 'Perhaps you will be so kind as to give this parcel to your mother. I was going up with it—a dress I have made her.'

'Sure!' he answered in his Canadian fashion; and rushed back to the sexton, on whose tousled head he planted the rescued hat with a vigour which caused the aged head-gear to descend over Bill's eyes, to that cross-grained individual's chagrin and wrath.

' I'll have the law on you! ' he voiced hoarsely as he remedied the position of his battered hat. ' I'll have the law on you for assault, and on your father for that window obstructing of pedestrians! And if you die here, I'll bury you a foot deep in water! '

' You're a cheerful old bird! ' laughed the Canadian. ' I advise you to get busy. Get the law on us! I guess we can stand the racket. But say! isn't it as well to be friendly? The trail is mostly a bit lumpy in this world, and I see no call for shunting extra rocks on it.'

That was Jack's first night at Farley; but a good deal was known of this Canadian by the time the cobbler brother of the sexton had opened his shop next morning.

Martin Price's young nephew, Tommy, became vastly intrigued.

' Farley is going to be livened up some,' he observed to Miss Miffit, who had called at the cobbler's shop for her shoes.

Miss Miffit, who was the woman Jack had encountered while searching for the sexton's hat, was inclined to agree; but with her usual discretion she did not voice her impressions.

But Farley did get considerably livened up. It became aware that the jutting window was removed, and that a new expanse of flat window was growing with incredible rapidity in its place. It stared with amazement at the introduction of white marble slabs and white paint and rubber-patterned flooring. The old tripe-shop was being as by magic transformed by this energetic Canadian. Before Christmas a painted sign appeared that ' hot tripe-and-onion suppers ' could be carried away from Barnard's shop every Saturday night, and many were the customers who arrived with basins to carry off this luxury.

As Jack had been the carpenter and the painter and the general transformer of the shop, so now it was he who, equipped in a white linen coat and huge white apron, cooked these tripe-and-onion-suppers.

All Farley was delighted, except the fat landlord at Leighton's-on-the-Bank. He was far from pleased. Men who had stayed at his inn drinking till closing-time forsook him early, because of the lure of the tripe-and-onion supper awaiting them at home.

Old Silas Barnard was full of joy. His son was an implement in the hands of God, he affirmed. He began to compose a sermon on ' Blocking the devil's entrances ' on the strength of it.

Jack had set up a Ford car, and went into Hastings frequently

to get supplies. He often gave a lift to Farley folk, and many times to Miss Miffit, who frequently needed to shop in Hastings for material for her work.

This Canadian had somehow a great reverence for the little dressmaker. He once said to his mother, ' I see the eyes of an innocent child set in that woman's face.'

They became friends, too, in the conversations they had on these trips to Hastings. She even spoke of Barnes. She told him of the sprained ankle; of his being in a situation as a footman, having been a bank clerk; of his having become at last a private secretary; of his sorrow for the loss of his mother: but never one word did Miss Miffit utter of that tragic yielding to temptation, which to this woman was an appeal rather than a deterrent to her sympathy. She spoke of his ' being so kind as to write to her every week.'

Jack Barnard had an experience during his early twenties which had caused him to look on all women with distrust. He was a little surprised (and not disagreeably) to find that his ideas were undergoing a change. This simple little dressmaker was, he told himself, ' the clear thing.' She was good all through, he was sure of it; and, moreover, oddly enough, he found her attractive. What was this Barnes fellow who wrote her every week, anyway? Did he mean only friendship, or did he intend to ask Miss Miffit to marry him?

Jack found himself unduly anxious on the point. Well, she was not engaged to him, anyway; so there could be no harm in his paying little attentions to Miss Miffit. One of these attentions took the form of some tripe and onions left by him (in the name of his mother) at her door on Saturday evenings before the rush of business began.

But if Jack Barnard capitulated in his distrust of women so far as Miss Miffit was concerned, he affronted a number of maidens in the village by his aloofness. There was Bertha Leighton, daughter of the landlord of the inn, which was really named ' The Rising Sun,' though no one ever called it anything but Leighton's-on-the-Bank. She was a pretty, pert miss, who set her cap at Jack the moment she caught sight of him. To her disgust he never entered her father's bar, where she served. ' Mine's tea,' he told her, when she asked him why he never came in for a glass of beer.

Bertha, however, was a regular customer at the tripe-shop, despite her father's grievance against it. She, moreover, attended the Wesleyan chapel, where Jack went on Sundays with

his parents. Often she managed to walk back beside Mrs. Barnard, and would linger at their door saying good-bye.

Mrs. Barnard, who was a cute old lady, remarked to her son one Sunday morning, 'Bertha Leighton never took notice of us till you came, Jack.'

He laughed.

'Don't you worry any, mother,' he said. 'I was not born yesterday.'

'But men do get taken in by a pretty face time and again,' Mrs. Barnard reminded him.

'But not twice,' he replied enigmatically.

Among the regular customers at the tripe-shop on Saturday night were the two brothers Price—the cobbler and the sexton. The cobbler had usually his young nephew in tow, for the boy always insisted on fetching the tripe and onions; and old Martin liked the convivial gathering of villagers in the shop. Often they were packed like herrings waiting to be served.

Jack ladled out his savory supper from a huge cauldron on a big oil-stove, and had a joke or a word of some kind for every one. Old Bill Price generally managed to get up close to the stove with his basin, and, when served, would linger till Jack said, 'Say, Bill, if you don't get a move on, your supper will be cold before you get to that churchyard where you mean to eat it.'

And Bill would answer, 'And what if it should be cold? and what if I do eat it in the churchyard? Ain't my friends cold there?' and he would elbow his way out without so much as a good-night to his brother, whom he passed at close quarters.

One Saturday night, just before the time for the suppers, Jack ran along the frosty street to Miss Miffit's cottage with 'his mother's offering.'

Light shone through the panes of the cottage, and Jack saw a man seated there. Miss Miffit was fluttering round with a teacup in her hand.

Jack paused involuntarily, his eyes resting on the man first and then upon the woman. On the woman they concentrated. She looked really beautiful in her happiness. The man's eyes followed her every movement with a sort of mute adoration. He knew the man, of course. Had he not met him at Hastings station and talked with him in broad daylight?

What he felt he could scarcely define, nor did he try to. He was conscious of a sudden depression and of an undefined sense of loss. But, being a Canadian, he put on a stiff upper lip and knocked upon the door.

Miss Miffit opened it instantly.

'Oh, come in, Mr. Barnard,' she said with a radiant smile. 'Mr. Barnes is here. I never expected him. He has come down with Mr. Nicholson for the week-end at Lady Laverdy's.'

Jack placed his covered dish on the table, and shot out a hand to Barnes, who gripped it in the friendliest way.

'You played the good Samaritan to me on my arrival in this country, Mr. Barnes,' Jack reminded him.

'And you seem to have been playing the good Samaritan to all the village, from what I hear,' Barnes replied.

'Do sit down, Mr. Barnard,' said Miss Miffit. 'It is so good of you to bring me this lovely supper every week. I have been telling Mr. Barnes about your kindness.'

'Gee whiz!' exclaimed Jack, smiling. 'You are enough to make a man get up on his hind legs and take notice! In Canada every one does these bits of services, and never gives it a thought. Here little nothings get counted somethings. No, Miss Miffit, I can't sit down. I must hit the trail. Don't you forget I'm cook on Saturday nights!'

So Jack Barnard departed almost as suddenly as he had appeared.

The two within the cottage heard his merry whistling of a tune as he ran up the street. But Jack was not merry. He was thinking, 'I hope that fellow means to play the game by that dear little woman! He seems all right; but he is above her in station and—and—clearly she cares a lot about him.'

Barnes, when Jack had gone, did just what Jack would have said he ought to do—a thing he now knew he would have liked to do himself. Miss Miffit was really a dear little woman, and white of soul, as the Canadian snowdrifts, he told himself.

'What is your Christian name, Miss Miffit?' asked Barnes rather unexpectedly when Jack Barnard had gone.

'Rosa,' she told him; 'but it is so long since I heard it, that it seems almost strange to me. You see, Mr. Barnes, my people all died out. I am the last. There is no one to call me Rosa these days.'

Her mild childlike eyes rested on him as he sat gazing into the log fire on the hearth. He was seated in the very chair he had occupied when she had tended his sprained ankle, as it seemed, so long ago. Then he had been dressed as a footman: now he was in well-cut tweeds—in fact, he was dressed as a gentleman.

'Rosa is a dear name,' he said, 'a beautiful name. It was my mother's.'

There was so long a silence after that, that Miss Miffit broke it by saying:

'It must be difficult for you, staying at the Manor where you were once footman. I hope—oh, I do hope the servants do not——'

He suddenly turned his gaze frm the burning logs to her face, and interrupted her:

'Do you know—can't you understand—Rosa—these servants at the Manor don't now exist for me? I have only one thing in my mind: you—you, who showed me such compassion—you, who never turned your back on me when you knew the worst of me—you, who held up to my eyes a banner of hope and of truth, and gave me the strength to go on. Rosa, I loved my mother. I love you. But I am unworthy of you. If I dared, if I were worthy, I should ask you to be my wife. I have now a decent income; and Mr. Nicholson, who is a bachelor-confirmed, said he did wish I were married to some good capable woman, who would housekeep for us both, instead of "that awful Mrs. Plater"—that is what he calls our housekeeper, Rosa!'

Miss Miffit had suddenly dropped her head on her arms which lay upon the table. She was audibly crying.

Barnes sprang to her side, laying a hand upon her shoulder. His face had paled. His voice faltered a little when his next words came.

'I have pained you,' he said; 'I—I ought to have known how it would be! Your kind heart finds it hard to wound me by telling me the truth. Do not cry; it hurts me so to have made you cry. I will go. I won't offend again.'

Suddenly she raised a tear-stained shy face to his, and said in a small voice, 'You have not hurt me. You have made me happy.'

What followed all lovers know, and the rest of the world can make a good guess.

Barnes walked on air as he left the cottage, and on a sudden impulse he walked up to the tripe-shop, which by now was engaged with the last customer (Croaker the carrier), who was good-humouredly twitting Jack Barnard on doing him out of passengers by giving free rides in his Ford to Hastings. He was laughing as he left the shop with a covered basin containing a (to him) delicious supper.

Barnes entered the shop, where Jack stood white-aproned, and at last alone.

'Say, Barnes,' Jack began, 'you look as if good news was oozing out of you!'

'The best news in the world,' the other said excitedly. 'I must tell someone! You have been so kind to Miss Miffit; you seem to appreciate her goodness—her childlike goodness, which is so beautiful. I want to tell you that she has honoured me by consenting to be my wife. I am just overcome by such a wonderful gift.'

Jack stretched out a hand to him. 'Shake,' he said.

And after a hearty hand-grip, which left Barnes with aching, tingling fingers, Jack said, 'Lend me a hand at closing up, and come into the parlour for a talk and a bit of supper. The old folks have gone to bed.'

So Barnes helped to clear up and close the shop, and presently found himself seated at a table in a warm snug room while the Canadian served him with a plate of tripe-and-onions and coffee, which stood ready on the hob by the fire.

'Guess these things only happen once in life,' Jack remarked as he seated himself opposite his guest. 'They sort of get you up on your hind legs. Well, when the front legs come to earth, things ain't really changed. Maybe, with the front legs down, it's happier, because a bit clearer. To-night you are so up in the air you can't feel the ground under your feet. But you'll get that later; and you may take it from me you'll find the ground good and solid. That little woman is the clear thing. What you've got to do is to make sure you are making her happy. She's the sort that would pretend to be happy if she wasn't for fear she'd make you unhappy. Study her, sonny! She's worth it; and put her first.'

'That's just what I want to do,' said Barnes. 'I'm not worthy of her. Look here, I feel drawn to you; I don't know exactly why, but I do. I think it may be because you have been kind to her. It may be your face took me when we first met at Hastings station; but I want you to know the worst of me. I somehow think you like me. I can't endure to be liked for what I am not.'

Then Barnes told the whole story of his temptation and its result. He told of the compassion shown him by the little sempstress. He told of the goodness of Lady Laverdy and of Miss Plunket. He told of his own sinking into black despair and of his rescue.

The Canadian bent kindly eyes on him as he said:

'Say, sonny, we none of us know what we'd do if we were tempted bad enough. It was not for yourself you did it. Don't brood over it. Make your mind up to be good to your wife that is to be. To make her happy will be "accounted unto you as righteousness," as my father puts it.'

The Canadian filled his pipe and pushed the pouch over to Barnes, who filled his pipe too. There was a little space of silence between them. Then Jack Barnard broke it by saying, 'Say! hasn't it struck you as queer that Christians do such a lot of condemning? They follow Christ, they say, and He said, "Neither do I condemn thee!" Yet they, some of them—not all of course—seem to be so goldoned hard on a fellow who has not hit the right trail. Well, my old father is different. I'm almighty glad I came back to the old country to make their tripe-shop hum and look after the old folk.'

Barnes looked across the table with admiration at the lean strong figure of the man. He met the clear, honest blue eyes, set in the handsome bronzed face, and his heart went out to this breezy Westerner. He had an atmosphere of big spaces about him—a large uncramped outlook on life, which perhaps came from his living in the prairies so long. He was extraordinarily sympathetic.

But the church clock sounded clearly on the frosty air as it struck ten.

'I must get back,' said Barnes, rising from his chair. 'I wish I could make you know how much happier I am for this time spent with you.'

The Canadian smiled wholeheartedly.

'Guess I've liked your company,' he told Barnes. 'Hit the trail for the tripe-shop again, sonny!'

As Barnes made his way along the dark road which led to the Manor, Jack Barnard's 'S'long!' echoed in his heart like a good omen. There was in it a suggestion of continuity, which was hopeful and encouraging. Jack Barnard was what he had called Miss Miffit, 'the clear thing.'

Jack himself, smoking a last pipe, pondered not really unhappily. 'Yes, that little sempstress found a soft place in me—so soft, maybe, that I'm sure glad she's got the man she wants.'

But Miss Miffit was leisurely and very tenderly turning over the contents of her 'Bottom Drawer.'

Canada, Our Canada!

By HENRY BURTON, D.D.

O Mother dear, of thee we sing,
Canada, our Canada!
Our grateful homage now we bring,
Canada, our Canada!
Land of the maple and the pine,
Land of the prairie and the mine,
A goodly heritage is thine,
Canada, our Canada!

Two oceans guard thy open doors,
Canada, our Canada!
Atlantic and Pacific shores,
Canada, our Canada!
Thy spacious fields and smiling skies
Welcome the man who seeks to rise,
Where honest toil will win the prize,
Canada, fair Canada!

Life sleeps beneath thy wintry snows,
Canada, our Canada!
The tide of wealth more freely flows,
Canada, our Canada!
The bloom of spring, the summer heat
But make thy frosted work complete,
In fruits and finest of the wheat,
Canada, white Canada!

Britannia claims thee for her child,
Canada, our Canada!
And on thy birth the Mother smiled,
Canada, our Canada!
And still, across the ocean wide,
She looks to thee with loving pride,
To clasp our hand whate'er betide,
Canada, our Canada.

O Country of the Maple Leaf,
Canada, our Canada!
We cannot well forget thy grief,
Canada, our Canada!
For sons who sleep beyond the sea,
Who died to make the wide world free,
We pledge ourselves to them and thee,
Canada, dear Canada!

Canberra: The Capital City of Australia

By JAMES E. CARRUTHERS, D.D.

AUSTRALIAN Federation was established in 1901. In the first day of that year the Commonwealth was proclaimed, and the several States of Australia became partners in an undivisible Union under the Crown and Flag of the Empire. Since then many changes have taken place. The battle of battles for the site of the capital of the Commonwealth have been fought with no little zeal. But in 1910 choice was made of the present area. From then till the present time work has been in progress to prepare for the occupation of the site and for the housing of the Parliament of the Commonwealth, with all the adjuncts necessary thereto. In 1927 these arrangements are so far complete as to justify the official opening in its new building of the Parliament. The Duke and Duchess of York have come out to lend dignity to the occasion and to declare the Parliament officially open. The eyes of the world are upon us; in any event the eyes of all the other parts of the Empire will be turned this way, and Australia will take its place as an integral part of the great Commonwealth of Nations of which we are proud to form a part.

With regard to the site itself, there is now a general agreement as to its special suitability. It is situate within the oldest of the States of Australia, and is as near as can be to the centre of the populations it is intended to serve. It is 204 miles distant by rail from Sydney, 429 from Melbourne, 912 from Adelaide, and 929 from Brisbane. It is within the territory which has been ceded from New South Wales to the Commonwealth—a territory embracing nine hundred square miles, and which would seem to have been specially designed by Nature for such a splendid purpose. Away in the far distance there is the suggestion of the highest mountain range in Australia, while under these lofty peaks lesser mountains crouch, until by successive giant steps the undulating country comprising the territory is reached. The average height in the city area is about 1,900 feet above sea-level. The lowest point is 1,500 feet, while the highest point is Mount Bimberi, 6,264 feet above sea-level. Seen from Mount Stromolo, the site of the Stellar Observatory, the area stretches away in all directions, with undulating downs and rugged eminences,

festooned with rivers and dotted with lakes—a fit site for the great city that is yet to be.

The Design of the Capitol.

With a wise precaution the Federal Government has acquired the fee simple of the whole of the territory. It has bought out all vested rights. It stands as the landlord of the area. Nor does it propose to part with the property. It has had the city and its environs laid out according to a plan approved of after a world-wide competition, and it has already offered the leases of some of these areas by public auction subject to a right of reappraisement after the lapse of some years, the conditions being clearly announced at the time of the sale. For these blocks there has thus far been spirited competition, and it is anticipated that with the progress of the place this competition will greatly increase as subsequent areas are offered. The city is so laid out that the official and the residential quarters will be kept separate, and the several suburbs will each have a character of its own. As one stands on the Capitol Hill there are seen the great avenues which radiate from that centre, and which in every case end in some striking natural feature, such as a hill or a plantation of trees. The intersecting streets and avenues are beautifully symmetrical, and provision is made for parks and gardens, artificial lakes and well-grassed squares. It need scarcely be said that Australia is looking for the creation within her of a city ' beautiful for situation,' and that shall within a few years be the pride of the Commonwealth, and the joy of all the States.

Up to the present, Parliament House is the most striking feature so far as buildings are concerned. It stands alone and apart, surrounded by nine acres of plantation, in which the products of many climes are being accumulated, and which will form a charming setting for the chief court of the Commonwealth. The building itself is designated ' The Provisional Parliament House '; but when it is stated that in erection and furnishing it has run into almost a million sterling, it will be seen that there is not much of the ' provisional ' about it. In its appointments and equipment there has been no stint. The chambers for the Senate and the House of Representatives are spacious, well-lighted, and fitted with everything calculated to promote the comfort and efficiency of the legislators. In the House of Representatives is placed a replica of the Speaker's Chair of the House of Commons. This was presented by the members of the Empire Parliamentary Delegation who recently visited Australia, and is a fine piece of work. Hard by Parliament House is the

Secretariat, a large block of buildings to house the secretaries of the several departments; and not far away is the official residence of the Prime Minister. All these buildings are worthy of the purposes they are intended to serve. The same might also be said of the Governor General's residence and of the Duntroon Military College, both being within comfortable reach of the centre.

What the Churches are Doing.

The question naturally arises, What is being done for the supply of religious ordinances? This is the problem that is already exciting attention within the Commonwealth. The Methodist Church is awaking to the urgency of the problem, and has already made a start. But a few general observations may well precede the consideration of the question. Be it understood, that the population of the Federal City is fairly diffused. At the centre itself the residents are few, save for those who are either temporarily or more permanently residing at one or other of the great hotels already erected. The suburbs lie mainly to the south or east of the centre; and it is in them that the residents are mostly found, and will be for the next year or two. Hence the necessity of providing first of all for them. The Resident Commissioners—there are three of them in whom is vested the direction and administration for the time being—have allotted sites on favourable terms, and which the several churches have taken up. Already the Methodist Church is erecting a church in one of these suburbs. But the problem of the central Church remains to be solved. Apparently there will not be a large population to be served by it. But official requirements specify a church of a certain costly design, ornate in appearance, and consistent with the general character of the capital and of the public buildings that will grace its streets and squares. A splendid site of five acres has been secured with room for church, hall, and parsonage. The provision for this remains yet to be made.

In Australia there is no State Church. But Anglicanism naturally holds a position of prominence and may be expected to live up to her opportunities in this new city. Already she has the advantage of having a church provided for her within the territory. The owner of the estate adjacent to the capital prior to its annexation by the Commonwealth was a devout adherent of the Church of England, and had erected a church for family use, added to that of his dependents and neighbours. The church stands there reminiscent of an English village church,

with its tower and spire and its quiet ' God's Acre ' nestling under its shadow. Adjacent to it is its rectory or parsonage—a little bit of old England right in the centre of new Australia. But Anglicanism is dreaming dreams, and seeing visions of great things in the years ahead. A Canberra Cathedral is already being talked of, and a bishopric to boot. A college for boys is in process of formation, and one for girls is sure to follow. The Presbyterian Church has set apart one of its leading and most popular ministers to be ' the first minister of Canberra,' and to raise £80,000 or £100,000 for the proper equipment of the parish. Our Roman Catholic friends are also moving, and as they usually do in Australia moving with some purpose. They have already laid the foundation stones of a college and convent as well as of a church, with all the ceremonial of which Rome is the mistress.

Looking to the Future.

Australia facing the dawn! With our population of six millions and a quarter all this may seem to English readers to be pretentious blazonry. But the coming years are with us. Already the ' dream city ' is materializing with fair rapidity. Australia is yet largely undeveloped. It has two cities already comparable in size and equipment with the other great cities of the Empire. Sydney, with its population of over a million, and Melbourne housing more than three quarters of a million, are great centres. Canberra will never be comparable with either of them. But it will take its own place. It will be to Australia what Washington is to America and what Ottawa is to Canada —the centre of its civic life and the home of its national spirit. May the stirring lines of one of the greatest of Australia's sons be abundantly reached by the development of its new capital and in the legislation which shall proceed from its Parliament House.

> **And oh! Britannia, shouldst thou cease to ride**
> **Despotic Empress of old ocean's tide;**
> **Should e'er arrive that dark, disastrous hour,**
> **When bowed by luxury, thou yieldst to power;**
> **Should thy tamed lion, spent his former might,**
> **No longer roar, the terror of the fight;**
> **May all thy glories in another sphere,**
> **Relume and shine more brightly here;**
> **May this thy last born infant then arise**
> **To warm thy heart and greet thy parent eyes,**
> **And Australasia float, with flag unfurled,**
> **A new Britannia in the southern world!**

The Newcastle District

By WILLIAM WAKINSHAW

WE are all prone to under- or to over-estimate a place in which we dwell. I was born in Newcastle. I am a freeman of the city of the third generation, and for seventy years I have been more or less closely identified with it and its environment. But I will try to restrain any tendency to exaggeration, and to discharge my commission in measured and accurate sentences.

In its form, its appearance, its history, its industries, its population, and its Methodism the Newcastle District may be described as an epitome of England. Like the whole island, it is triangular in shape. From its apex to its base it is ninety miles, and its breadth is fifty miles. Within these boundaries are included the whole of Northumberland, the northern half of the county of Durham, and a thin slice of Cumberland. The District consists of twenty-seven circuits, seventy-two ministers who are in active work, and 22,296 members. These are Wesleyan statistics. But we must not, and we do not, ignore the fact that both our Primitive and our United Methodist allies are represented all over the District, from Alnwick to Wolsingham, and from Haltwhistle to Tynemouth.

Historical Scenes.

In his *Visits to Remarkable Places* William Howitt rambled and ruminated all over Great Britain from Culloden to Tintagel. He was a Derbyshire man, and cannot be accused of an inherited or an acquired partiality for the North. But it is noteworthy that in the popular edition of his delightful book he has found twenty-one of the thirty-five shrines of his pilgrimages within or near the borders of the Newcastle Synod. No one who is familiar with the locality can marvel at his selection. Our northernmost counties are singularly rich in beauty, in romance, in poetry, in history, in famous buildings, and in distinguished men. Hadrian's Wall is the most amazing evidence we possess of how the Romans conquered and controlled Britain, and it splits the District in twain. The battles of Neville's Cross, Halidon Hill, Flodden, Homildon Hill, Otterburn, Hexham, and Newburn were all fought within the area we are describing. Where can we find clustered together so many feudal strongholds such as Berwick,

Norham, Alnwick, Chillingham, Bamburgh, Lindisfarne, Dunstanburgh, Haughton, Thirlwall, Featherstone, Dilston, Prudhoe, Newcastle, Lumley, and Durham? There they stood on some rocky declivity, proud, massive, and impregnable, guarded by their grim portcullis and their ' looming bastions fringed with fire.' Newcastle Cathedral and Hexham Abbey are stately and beautiful fanes. Chester-le-Street possesses an exquisite old collegiate church, and was the seat of the Bishop of Bernicia from 883 to 995. Durham Cathedral, perched on the summit of the hills that girdle the Wear, has hardly a rival in England for its size and its splendour. Writers so diversified as Sir Walter Scott, George Borrow, Sir Walter Besant, and Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan have all found succulent material for their pages in these northern uplands of charm, romance, and renown.

Thinkers like Benjamin Kidd have speculated as to whether nature or nurture is the more potent factor in the formation of character. Without attempting to decide the dispute, it is obvious that their surroundings must have had a powerful influence in moulding the personality of those who have been reared on the banks of the Tweed, the Tyne, the Wear, and their tributaries, or on the shores of Durham and Northumberland, drenched with the spray and the surge of the North Sea. Modern industries have also contributed to produce our particular type of qualities. The coast is studded with ports and fishing villages. Whitley Bay is a popular holiday resort. Some of the largest vessels afloat, such as the *Mauretania,* were built on the Tyne. More coal is raised in Durham than in any other county in England. The supremacy of Newcastle in the North as a business and manufacturing centre is indisputable. Sunderland, Gateshead, and other towns in the District are wreathed in the smoke of an endless diversity of factories.

Wesley the Crusader.

Enter John Wesley. It was on Friday, May 28, 1742, that our founder first rode into the valley of the Tyne. The entry in his *Journal* depicting his advent and his reception has been so often quoted and expounded by Luke Tyreman, Nehemiah Curnock, and other experts, that we must here apply the art of condensation. The indomitable evangelist arrived from Birstall about six in the evening, and as he walked into Newcastle he was surprised at the drunkenness, cursing, and swearing (even from the mouths of little children) he saw and heard, and

swiftly concluded that the place was ripe for Him who came to call sinners to repentance. We have no trace of how the Saturday was spent. But, like Jonathan and his armour-bearer attacking the garrison of the Philistines, at seven on the Sunday morning, Wesley and his lieutenant, John Taylor, who was one of the Countess of Huntingdon's teachers, took their stand on the margin of the river at Sandgate and opened their campaign. A group of three or four gaping and staring individuals increased to a crowd of from twelve to fifteen hundred before Wesley had concluded his sermon on the verse beginning, 'He was wounded for our transgressions.' A granite obelisk now marks the scene of this service. At five in the evening, on the hill adjoining the Keelmen's Hospital, he preached to a multitude larger than he had ever seen in Moorfields or at Kennington Common. When he had delivered his message, the poor people were ready to tread him underfoot out of pure love and kindness.

The next day he returned southwards. With his lips full of praise and thanksgiving, Wesley had probably told his brother of the eagerness of the colliers and keelmen of Tyneside to hear the gospel. At any rate, a few months afterwards Charles appeared on the scene, and spent several weeks evangelizing the town and some of the adjacent villages. Hundreds were led to Christ, and then formed into the first Methodist Society in the North.

The Orphan House.

Wesley had the genius of Cromwell in seizing and holding a military situation; and on his second visit, in the November of the same year, he at once saw the strength and the fitness of Newcastle as a base of operations. He therefore speedily decided to make it his head quarters for the North, as London and Bristol had become for the South and the West. After prolonged and delicate, and sometimes irritating, negotiations he purchased two strips of land that were side by side. One was from a gentleman named Riddell, and the other was from a merchant called Stephenson, who was an ancestor of the late Sir William Haswell Stephenson. On this parcel of ground, which was just outside the Pilgrim Street gate of the town wall, the Orphan House was reared. The first stone was laid on Monday, November 20, 1742, and on Friday, March 25, in the following year, Wesley preached in the shell of the structure. This was the second Methodist chapel built in England, that in the Horsefair at Bristol being the first.

Our northern sanctuary was a remarkable combination of a home, a barracks, a study, a preaching-place, a school of the prophets, and much beside. It is fortunate in having an ardent historian in Dr. William Wood Stamp, who was the superintendent of the Newcastle (West) Circuit and the Chairman of the District from 1854 to 1857 and the President of the Conference in 1860. His book was published in 1863, and is entitled *The Orphan House of Wesley; With Notices of Early Methodism in Newcastle-upon-Tyne and its Vicinity.* It can hardly be classed as literature. But it is a full, painstaking, and invaluable record of nearly a hundred and twenty memorable years.

Storms and Sunshine.

From this volume we glean many facts and learn many lessons. In its pages we soon discover that our forefathers were intensely human. From time to time they had different views about the trusteeship of the Orphan House, how its services should be conducted, and who should administer the Sacrament within its walls. Their fiercest controversies were during the Reform agitation that culminated from 1849 to 1851. From 1833 to 1843 Methodism in Newcastle was divided into the West and the East Circuits. In the latter year they were reunited. Their joint membership once stood at 2,164. In 1856, after the storm had desolated the Societies, the numbers sank to 750.

These are the shadows that darken what in its entirety is a marvellous story of heroism, endurance, and achievement. Wesley avowedly loved Newcastle. He came to his northern citadel as often as he could, and he lingered there as long as possible. He gathered around him most of the first-class fighting men of early Methodism, including such intrepid spirits as Christopher Hopper, John Nelson, John Downes, William Darney, and Thomas Olivers. He and they were incessantly sallying forth from their camp in the Orphan House, carrying the fiery cross of Methodism to Sunderland, to North and South Shields, to Durham, to Berwick, to Morpeth, to Alnwick, and to Hexham, and their encircling villages. A band of devout women was always attached to the Orphan House, to care for their sisters and the children. Conspicuous among these ministering angels was Grace Murray.

To us moderns it seems incredible that this venerable pile with all its hallowed associations was demolished in 1857 and a school erected on the site. Had there been a Wesley Historical Society

in those vandal days, they would all be clamouring for those who committed the crime to be shot at dawn!

There is one most interesting incident connected with this period that ought to be chronicled. Henry Perlee Parker was an artist living in Brunswick Place, and, wishing to commemorate the centenary of Methodism in 1839, he consulted James Everett as to a subject. The future reformer suggested Wesley's rescue from the fire at Epworth Rectory. The result was the famous picture that adorns the walls of the Mission House, and, in compliment to Everett, the painter has reproduced him as the man between the dog and the group below the window with outstretched arms ready to receive the child second-hand from his first deliverer.

Modern Triumphs.

Coming down to our own days, a glance at the yearly returns of membership reveals slow but steady progress. In its capacity to deal with the problems of the hour, the District compares favourably with other parts of the Connexion. There are at least two aspects of the work of our Church in these northern regions that call for thanksgiving. The first is that we still retain the power of attracting the crowd. Brunswick Place is the venerated Mother Church of the District, the legatee of the traditions and assets of the Orphan House. Never in its long history of a century and a quarter has it been more thronged than it has been on a Sunday evening for several years. It is not uncommon for scores to be turned away from the doors because they cannot gain admission. Jesmond (in the same circuit), Dilston Road (in the Elswick Circuit), Heaton Road (Newcastle), Bensham Road (Gateshead), and the Memorial (North Shields), may all be cited as examples of typical well-built modern sanctuaries that have allured large and influential congregations.

The second characteristic of Northern Methodism that may be noted is its power of adaptation. We have three Missions in the District. The first is in Newcastle. Here we have three thoroughly-equipped centres, one of which is an up-to-date hall, with one or more satellites revolving around them. Among them they accomplish much evangelistic and humanitarian work. The second Mission is in Sunderland, which, after Newcastle, is the biggest town in the District. It has four centres, with a total membership of nine hundred and four, and is pulsating with life. Sans Street is its head quarters, and it has a congregation that

fills it to the threshold. While this article is being written a most extraordinary work of grace is in progress. It is supremely due to the influence of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of men and women. No human agencies can be traced. By the impact and lure of the Spirit outcasts are being drawn out of the slums and off the streets to the various branches of the Mission, and are being saved to the uttermost.

Ashington is a new mining town that has grown almost as rapidly as Jonah's gourd. Here our third Mission is housed in a noble hall seating over a thousand, that was only opened a year or two ago. But it has already abundantly justified the daring and the generosity by which it was created. One of its most inspiring features is a Society class with a hundred members. East Durham appears in the *Minutes of Conference* as a circuit. With Ashington it is really the area specially under the supervision of the Newcastle District Coalfield Commission. The staff consists of three ministers, and already much aggressive toil has been spent upon what is largely a new colliery population. Hexham represents an altogether different kind of people in their occupation and their environment. It is a lovely old-fashioned spot, far from the mining element and the noise and bustle of our huge and grimy towns. It is framed in orchards and gardens. Here we have a beautiful modern chapel that is the home of a vigorous church and a large congregation and the head of a flourishing circuit of four hundred square miles dotted with villages and farmsteads.

No sketch of the Newcastle District with its hundred and eighty years of history would be complete without an unstinted tribute to the generations of consecrated men and women who by their vision, their courage, their liberality, and their love of God and their fellows, founded and sustained our churches 'within the hearing of the wave,' on the slopes of busy tidal rivers, and on the stretches of lonely moors where the silence is broken by the scream of the curlew.

WESLEY AS A WORLD FORCE

A notable contribution to this series of articles will appear in July, by Edward H. Sugden, Litt.D., Master of Queen's College, University of Melbourne, on WESLEY'S INFLUENCE UPON AUSTRALIA.

High Ideals in Church Entertainments

By HERSTON TRAVERS

PERHAPS in some degree this subject of church entertainments is one of the vexed questions in our church life to-day. What type of entertainments are we justified in providing for the real amusement and recreation of young, middle-aged, and old of various classes and interests?

There is a section in most of our Churches which looks upon rules of what may be done on our Trust premises and the regulations laid down by Conference, as ' stuffiness ' or ' silly red tape.' These people argue that we must give what is wanted. If that is so, our schoolrooms ought to have been roller-skating rinks, picture-palaces, theatres, and dancing-halls by turns.

It is really just as bad form to try to force dancing, card-playing, or acting on to a community composed of very various types, as it is to show off greater learning by giving songs or recitations in a foreign language at a Mothers' Meeting Social.

Surely the first consideration should be the thought for every one's real enjoyment, and not merely the satisfying of the wishes of the few. Loyalty to rules should surely be one of the first principles to be upheld in our church life. It is so easy to salve our consciences by such glib words as ' We must move with the times.' Don't let us lower our standard in order to attract, or go one step in the wrong direction.

A church social should be a homely gathering, where every one may be at ease. There are people even to-day who are hopelessly bored by competitions or any form of game, whilst others are equally bored by music. But it is possible by a judicious mixture on the programme to provide for very diverse tastes, while at the same time not offending against good taste.

The other day a girl I know well was shown into my den. I was delighted to see her, but rather amazed when she said, ' Do you know, you've got me into a horrid hole? I've come to blow *you* up for not warning me, and to be told how I'm to get out of it.' She ended with a smile at my startled look.

' Tell me all about it,' I said; for I knew she was too sensible to have found a mare's nest.

' Well, you know I've done as you advised me. When I left college, I stuck into work at home with the dear parents and in

the Church at Worthingham. They wanted me in the choir and as super of the Primary, and I've absolutely revelled in it; but now comes the time for annual socials! I have sampled one—and—never no more; and that's the hole!'

'But what happened?' I asked.

'Have you ever played Jolly Miller or Musical Arms?' she asked. Then her delicious sense of humour, overmastering for a time her real distaste for such inanities, she described that Sunday-school social for elder scholars, Primary helpers, and the whole staff. Then she added, more seriously, 'The first few games sounded harmless, if silly, and I tried to join in and "show friendly," so as not to be dubbed "stiff and starchy" or "snobbish." But when it came to being "a musical arm" and, when the music ceased, being roughly grabbed by the nearest man until I'd been armed in this fashion by every man in the room, I'd had enough!' Her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed at the memory of the familiarity she had endured.

'It wasn't only for myself I minded,' she added. 'But the very girls I had tried to help in the Primary to have modest, gentle ways, quiet voices, and gracious manners were persuaded to join in what I have always called "rough horseplay."'

'What did you do for the rest of the time?' I asked.

'Sat out, and *felt* like a conspicuous, conceited ass, though I knew I wasn't! Then I bethought me to arrange the Primary room for the next day's service; and so I fled, and felt a coward for doing so.'

'Did any one make any remark?'

'Rather! I don't know how many didn't come and ask me to join in "Jolly Miller," "Winking," and other pleasing performances.'

We finally decided that the only thing to do was to try to inaugurate an entirely fresh type of entertainment. It will often require great tact to alter the old règime, but it is worth doing, for such rough, immodest romping lowers the tone of a Church. Some who read this may think it a great fuss about a very minor and trivial matter; but it is not so, for straws show which way the wind blows. It is no good to warn girls against allowing familiarities in shops and offices and then to brush the bloom from their modesty by countenancing silly and vulgar games on our Church premises. Nor is it sane to try to impress the young men of our schools with the dignity of their newly attained manhood, and then to show them the spectacle of the superintendent of the Sunday school or the teachers behaving

in a worse than undignified manner, enjoying the silliest games and ' letting themselves down ' before these critical eyes.

It is sometimes complained that the boys and girls who return home from some of our good secondary boarding schools do not enter into the church life again. Perhaps they hear or know of such socials—Guild, Sunday-school, or Choir—from which they shrink. They sometimes prefer to work more ' on their own ' as leaders of Girl Guides or Boy Scouts, Missionary study, or Temperance and Social Welfare Circles. There ought to be nothing on our church premises to which all cannot come and be at ease.

There are some church committees which apparently have an idea that for bazaar side-shows or concerts greater laxity may be given than on other occasions. Someone offers to get a party of friends from a neighbouring town—people, perhaps, whose standards are very different from our own, but they are ready to help any good cause. No one suggests that they should be asked to remember that the concert or sketch will be given on church premises, and that it must be refined and of a high standard. Then on the day of the bazaar we feel ashamed because some of the items on the programme are distinctly vulgar, occasionally even worse; but we shrink from asking for something different. Very often we blame our minister. We must have some convenient scapegoat! We say he ought to have seen the programme—as if a title could always convey the gist of a song or sketch. The young people of our own and other Churches, and perhaps from no Church, pour in to the half-hour concerts and see and hear this sort of cheap nastiness, if nothing worse. Some enjoy it, others are a little surprised, but ' suppose it's all right as it is allowed to go on.' In this way we pull down with one hand what we have been trying to build up with the other.

We have held Guild Meetings, classes and clubs in which we have tried to refine and uplift our young people, showing them the harm of vitiating their taste, sullying their purity and injuring their souls by going to entertainments where cheap jibes at religion and morality are considered wit, and then they hear and see much the same thing on our own church premises.

Do we fear to offend someone by our strict views as a Church; —by the vigilance with which we guard all within our care? Surely it is better to do even this, if tactful speech fails to prevent such occurrences, than to offend Christ's little ones, causing them to stumble.

The Contribution of Methodism to Religious Thought

By GEORGE DAVIES

[*Continued from page 293*]

TO preach a gospel which had its roots in the redeeming love of God in Christ, and its reality assured by a divine inward witness finding its expression and justification in holiness of life, and to preach it in such an age, was to meet at once with violent opposition. He was assailed on all hands, and compelled into unwanted controversy in defence of his teaching. By sermon, by treatise, by correspondence, he met opposition, explained and justified his position. One is led to wonder how he found time in his busy, exciting, and itinerating life to read what was written against him, and to reply in such detail and in such an effective manner. His appeal was always fundamentally to Holy Scripture. Was there ever a man who knew his Bible quite so well as he! In addition he brought his wide reading to bear upon the subject under discussion. He was dowered with a very logical, well-disciplined mind, and also with the gift of clear, forceful speech, not without humour at times, and always in the best of taste and temper.

To his opponents, clerical and lay, he was always the courteous Christian gentleman; winning a way for the recovered teaching, not only by the force of his conviction and the lucidity of his English, but also by gentle forbearance and recognition of the spirit which actuated his opponent. What could surpass this, the commencement of his third letter to the Rev. Mr. Walker?—

'Nothing could be more kind than the mentioning to me whatever you think is amiss in my conduct; and the more freedom you use in doing this the more I am indebted to you. I am thoroughly persuaded that "you wish me well," and that it is this, together with a "concern for the common interests of religion," which obliges you to speak with more plainness than otherwise you would. The same motives induce me to lay aside all reserve, and tell you the naked sentiments of my heart.'

His Appeal for Careful Thinking.

His appeal was not to the emotional side of human nature. The severely logical mind is usually not emotional. Wesley made men think. He set facts before them and reasoned from them. His *Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion,* his

treatise entitled *A Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion;* his brochure, *The Principles of a Methodist,* are amongst other delightful examples of clear thinking, incisive questioning, passionate pleading, along with sympathetic patience with his opponent. He dealt largely with the concrete. In one of his letters to his brother Samuel he wrote thus (and I quote it because it is also an illustration of his attitude throughout the long controversy into which he was thrown):

'My Dear Brother,—The whole question' (viz., the nature of Assurance) 'turns chiefly, if not only, on matter of fact. You deny that God does now work these effects—at least, that He works them in such a manner. I affirm both, because I have heard these facts with my ears, and seen them with my eyes.'

Then he instances some of them, and continues:

'These are matters of fact, whereof I have been, and almost daily am, eye-or-ear-witness.'

His Long and Patient Pleading.

It was a long struggle upon which he had entered. The chief opponents of the message he proclaimed were the recognized leaders of religion. Yet it ought to be remembered that the doctrines preached must have seemed new and dangerous to parish ministers who were only slightly acquainted with the doctrines of their own Church. But with unflagging zeal he continued to proclaim the great essentials of the gospel which had been committed to him. What those were he tells us at the commencement of his *Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*:

'All I teach respects either the nature and condition of justification, the nature and condition of salvation, the nature of justifying and saving faith, or the Author of faith and salvation.'

He was indifferent to mere opinions and things non-essential, but maintained unflinching conflict for the essentials, whether his controversialist was an obscure cleric, or the bishop of a diocese. To one of them he wrote:

'Assurance is a word I do not use because it is not scriptural. But I hold that a divine evidence or conviction that Christ loved me and gave Himself for me is essential to, if not the very essence of, justifying faith.'

To another correspondent, who was seeking to magnify a molehill of difference into a mountain, he wrote:

'I will not contend for a term, I only contend for this that every true Christian believer has a sure trust and confidence in

God, and that in consequence of this he is able to say, " The life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God." '

A Changed Religious Atmosphere.

So with his helpers, both clerical and lay, he reasoned, pleaded, and expounded. Slowly the opposition began to lose its intensity; for as these doctrines transformed men they commended themselves to many of those who had been unwilling at first to receive them. The barriers which the nonconforming Churches had built around themselves began to crumble. As the new teaching came to be understood a great change passed over them. Dr. Dale, in his *History of English Congregationalism,* says:

' The fires of the revival had been kindled from heaven, and before the accession of George III the Congregational churches had caught the flame. Their ministers were beginning to preach with a new fervour, and their preaching was followed with a new success. The religious life of their people was becoming more intense. A passion for evangelistic work was taking possession of Church after Church; and by the end of the century the old meeting-houses were crowded; many of them had to be enlarged, and new meeting-houses were being erected in town after town, and village after village, in every part of the kingdom.'

On the other hand, within the borders of the Established Church men of open mind were led to ask whether there was any truth in the doctrines now proclaimed. Wesley never ceased pointing out to his fellow clergymen who opposed him that his teaching was definitely asserted, or was inherent, in the doctrine of their own Church, and might be found in its Articles of Religion, and in its Homilies as well as in the declarations of the early Fathers of the Church. The result of honest investigation was the discovery that the Methodist evangelists were preaching in the fields and market-places the doctrines which the parish ministers ought to have preached in their pulpits. The discovery awakened the minds of some of the clergy, and induced them to face the perils of proclaiming the neglected teaching of their church.

Religion Redeemed from its Decay.

By this appeal to experience, and by the preaching of those fundamental doctrines of the gospel which can only be really known as they become facts of experience, and by the ceaseless insistence upon the necessity of holiness of life on the part of

those who professed the inward assurance of these divine facts, religion was redeemed from the decay and the dishonour into which it had fallen. Deism, which had covered the intellectual life of the seventeenth century as with a pall, died. The new life had destroyed it.

'The Deist had appealed to logic; Wesley, leaving the more logical issues to Butler and Berkeley, appealed to the heart. In place of a frozen theology he gave us a living experience, in which God was not hidden, neither far off, but very nigh. God, said the Deist, is unrelated. Wesley taught once more the great Pauline truth,—relation "in Jesus Christ," the redeemed soul conscious of its sonship to the Father through the Holy Spirit. Prayer, said the deist, is illogical and absurd; God is not a man that He should change. Wesley's answer was to teach men how to pray, and so to pray that whether God was changed or not their relations to God were for ever changed. There is nothing mysterious, the Deist claimed, in Christianity. Wesley brought men face to face with the mystery of the Cross. Miracles, the Deist added, are impossible, a manifest contradiction. Wesley appealed to experience itself, and adduced the supreme miracle of life, the break in all continuity exemplified in every conversion of a sinner into a saint.'[1]

The Place and Value of the Class-Meeting.

Of course there were dangers attendant upon this appeal to experience, and the assertion of this doctrine of Assurance. There was, for example the danger of egotism in perhaps its worst form, and the danger of censoriousness. No one saw these and other lurking dangers more clearly than Wesley, and it may be sufficient for our present purpose to say that he was assiduous in pointing them out and guiding people past them. In the overruling providence of God he was led to establish a form of church organization which, whilst it nourished the experimental side of religion, also guarded it from the dangers of individualism and delusion. In the assemblies known as class-meetings he provided a kind of court of social appeal, where all experiences might be compared and tested.

'In his system of class-meetings the basal principle of individual experience was saved from excess by the correction given through the experience of others, as well as by the spiritual obedience demanded by the whole organization and framework of his Societies. Individual experience is thus balanced by connexionalism. In an effective and practical fashion the

[1] *A New History of Methodism*, i. 29.

experience of the whole church is brought to bear upon the isolated feelings of the individual member.' [2]

This detail of church organization, which still continued in Methodism, has been largely instrumental in making the appeal to experience still possible, and the doctrine of Assurance a reality greatly to be coveted.

Assurance and the Union of the Churches.

The Protestant Churches are to-day one in their appeal to experience. That is the source of a great joy; for this common assertion of a personal assurance of the deep things of God becomes the basis of a common fellowship of church with church. So the wider meaning of the recovery of the doctrine of Assurance unfolds before us as we perceive that its logical sequence may be the ultimate union of the churches. The idea of fellowship is abroad to-day—fellowship as the expression of a common experience. So the recent ' Lambeth Appeal ' declares:

' We find that one idea runs through all our work in this conference, binding it together into a true unity. It is an idea prevalent and potent throughout the world to-day. It is the idea of fellowship.'

And yet again:

' The secret of life is the double fellowship, fellowship with God and man. . . . This then is the object of the Church. . . . But in order to accomplish its object the Church itself must be a pattern of fellowship. It is only by showing the value and power of fellowship in itself that it can win the world to fellowship.'

To this we may be permitted to add that such corporate fellowship is the outcome of a common assurance of reconciliation with God which is given through the witness of the Holy Spirit.

It is in this appeal to experience in its many-sidedness, and especially in the doctrine of Assurance, that we believe Methodism has made its contribution to religious life and thought; and when we see that the restoration of experience to its divinely ordained place in the Christian life issues in the fellowship and the ultimate unity of the Church of God, we are inclined to say that Methodism has made no insignificant contribution to the life of the universal Church.

[2] Ibid. i. 29.

A Summer Song

By MARK GUY PEARSE

WE have reached once more the happy season when the beauty of the summer comes to gladden us. All nature is sacramental if we have but the tuned heart and the anointed eye to greet it. The works of God's creation, as the Blessed Master taught us, are pictures and parables of the mysteries of grace. God's world is also God's word. So let us go forth to rejoice in its beauty and to join in its song.

If the fullness of the summer can be put into words there are none that could utter it more perfectly than those of our Lord—'I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly.' That text is written everywhere, in hedgerow and garden, in field and forest. The softened winds whisper it. The birds make it their song. It is the message of the sunshine: I am come to bring the overflowing life.

Think of all about us as it was but a little time ago—the stretch of empty fields and leafless trees and rotting stalks. Can these things live? we might have asked. Can the hedgerows and gardens be decked with flowers and the fields be made beautiful with the promise of harvest? Can the birds find heart again to build their nests and sing their songs? We are ready to say with him of old—If God would make windows in Heaven then might this thing be.

So, the windows of Heaven have been opened and its joys have come down to the earth. There is a new song—'the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.'

Let us take it and claim it as our own in greater fullness, and richer beauty—'I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly.'

The Parable of the Seed.

The season is rich in parables. Let us listen to the parable of the Seed. The South Wind came to the Seed in its winter slumber and said, 'Wake up, little one, come, wake up. Don't you know that you are not meant to be a seed for ever?'

'Wake up, indeed!' said the Seed drowsily. 'What am I meant to be but a seed for ever?'

'You are meant,' said the South Wind, 'to burst through your husks, to thrust roots into the ground, and to push up a stem; to unfold in beauty and to bless the earth.'

Now, if among the seeds there can be found a little faith, we think we hear it answer: 'It really is cruel to mock me with such fine promises. I know, at any rate, what I am, a hard, shapeless thing. It would take a miracle to make a flower of me —and the age of miracles is past. No, no, South Wind, you may just let me be as I am, a seed for ever and ever.'

'But that is the very miracle that I have come to work,' said the South Wind.

'But look at my circumstances,' murmured the Seed. 'Here am I down in the dark earth. Flowers are up in the light, with the sun to shine on them and the dew to refresh them. I would hold up my head if I could, but what if you haven't a head to hold up: and with a lump of earth to keep you down.'

'Now, Seed, are you willing to take what is given you?'

'Well, yes, I can do that.'

'Then you need nothing more.'

And there came the sun to shine for it. The drops fell from heaven to refresh it. The very earth said, 'I am yours, for your unfolding,' and they all sang together, 'We have come that you may have life, and that you may have it more abundantly.'

The Ear of Corn.

Like the blessed Master who without a parable spake not to the people, I would put forth yet another parable of the seed.

I held in my hand an ear of corn.

'Come,' said I, 'little Chrysostom, come, tell us all about yourself.'

'What a long word. What does it mean?'

'Well it is the name of a great preacher, and it means the golden-mouthed, like you, you know.'

'Am I a preacher, then?'

'Yes, indeed you are.'

'How can I ever preach?'

'By telling all about yourself. I want you to begin your story.'

'Well, once upon a time, do you know, I was a tiny, tiny little seed. I wasn't a meal for a mouse. And I had a dream, a lovely dream. I dreamt that I helped the toiler to toil and the singer to sing, and the preacher to preach, and I sent the little children skipping to school. And then I woke up, and it was all a dream, a silly dream for a tiny grain like me.'

'Well, what happened next?'

'One day the sower came on his way, and he said, "Little one, may I have thee?"

'Please sir,' I said, 'I am not worth your having.'

'"You are, indeed," said he.

'What will you do with me?'

'"I will bring you to beauty, and bring you to worth, and your dream shall all come true."

'But look at me, a little hard, dead seed.'

'"All the golden harvests that ever waved were once tiny little hard seeds like you."

'So I gave myself to the sower—and that was the beginning of it all, you know.'

'Yes,' said I. 'Yes, he that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; that always is the beginning of it all. Well, what happened next?'

'Why, I was down in the dark earth, in prison, and all sorts of horrid things were creeping about me. I expected to be in the sunshine with a long stem and a golden head. There seemed no hope for me now. Then the sower came on his way. "Little one," said he, "don't be afraid. All the golden harvests that ever waved were once down there in the dark like you."

'Well, then the next thing was that I managed to get out of the ground, and I wasn't golden corn at all. I was only green, green grass. "There," I said, "I knew it was no good my trying. Corn is golden, and I am green." And there were such lots of troubles then. I heard a man say that I could not live without the sun, and he said the sun was millions of miles away, and I said to myself how was I going to get up there every time I wanted a sun ray! And another said I must have rain, and the clouds were ever so high up, and I wondered if I should want a neck so long whenever I was thirsty. But the sower said, "Little one, it is all right. If you cannot get up to the sun it can come down to you." And it did—sent a little ray right down into my heart. And a cloud stood over me and dropped the drop in my mouth. So you see I have managed to get so far and the sower says I shall manage all the rest of the way.'

Ah, soul, our foolish fears and fancies may end. He who has brought us so far on the way will bring us too all the rest of the way. So sings the summer song.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE LABOUR QUESTION

'The Labour Question,' it is often said, 'is a wages question; and therefore it can have nothing to do with religion or the Churches.'

See what Dr. Lofthouse has to say on this important subject in our next number.

The Bass Viol and Stringed Instruments

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

THE enthusiasm with which the singers rendered their anthems or ' set pieces,' as they were then called, did not meet with any enthusiastic reception from the Methodist preachers. They did not like them. Too much time, they said, was taken up by the music, and there was an undue proportion of it, notably at special services, when singers gathered from far and near to contribute to the harmony of the occasion.

At last official notice was taken of the matter, and at the Conference held at City Road Chapel in 1800 the subject of music was thus referred to:

Q. 15. Can anything be done to prevent what appears to us to be a great evil, namely, Bands of Music and Theatrical Singers being brought into our chapels, when charity sermons are to be preached?

A. Let none in our Connexion preach charity sermons where such persons and such music are introduced. And let the Stewards, Trustees and Leaders be informed that such a practice is offensive to the Conference, who believe it has been hurtful to the minds of many pious people.

Not only were the occupiers of the singers' pew in many chapels eager to extend their choral activities beyond the range of the ordinary hymn-tune, but the congregations appreciated the anthem, or ' set-piece,' as it was then called. Music of this kind was not lacking, for in addition to Handel's choruses and anthems by Kent, Mason, and others, contemporary composers were also writing music that met with great popularity. It is certain that these ' set-pieces ' and the singing of solos in chapels greatly vexed the older preachers, one of whom, some years later, thus expressed his feelings:

Some who have a taste for music, perhaps, and also a taste for worldly show, are willing to patronize the system of theatrical singing in places of worship; and thus it happens, that even in the present day, in many chapels, such exhibitions frequently occur. Very recently we heard of a young female singing solos in one of the chapels of a London circuit! (*Life of Adam Clarke.*)

It would appear that these Conference Resolutions did not have the desired effect, and special music continued to form a prominent item in many places. At the opening of Bridge

Street Wesleyan Chapel, Bolton, by the Rev. Samuel Bradburn in 1803, the choir had arranged to sing as their anthem ' The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.' This was duly performed with trumpets, horns, violins, hautboys, bassoons, bass viols and double bass, to the obvious delight of the performers, but the equally evident annoyance of the preacher. At length he could stand it no longer, and, turning to the eager musicians he exclaimed in a voice of amazing power: ' I say! put that horse in the stable; we've had enough of him for one day.' The astonished musicians promptly subsided, quite overawed for the time by the preacher's voice and manner.

The Bass Viol.

In 1805, at Sheffield, the Conference again dealt with the question of music. It is evident that some of the previous resolutions had not had the desired effect, and consequently the regulations became still more stringent.

Q. 20. Are there regulations necessary with regard to singing?

A. 1. Let no instruments of music be introduced into the singers' seats, except a bass viol, should the principal singer require it.

2. Let no books of hymns be henceforth used in our chapels, except the hymn-books printed for our Book-Room.

3. Let no *Pieces,* as they are called, in which *recitatives,* by single men, *solos,* by single women, *fuguing* (or different words sung by different voices at the same time) are introduced, be sung in our chapels.

4. Let the original, simple, grave and devotional style be carefully preserved, which, instead of drawing the attention to singing and the singers, is so admirably calculated to draw off the attention from both, and to raise the soul to God only.

5. Let no musical Festivals, or, as they are sometimes termed, *Selections of Sacred Music,* be either encouraged or permitted in any of our chapels: in which performances the genuine dignity of spiritual worship is grossly abused under the pretence of getting money for charitable purposes; which, we have sufficient proof, has been procured as amply where nothing of the kind has been introduced, but the charity recommended to the people in the name of God.

7. Let no Preacher, therefore, suffer his right to conduct every part of the worship of Almighty God to be infringed on, either by the singers or others.

From the above we gather that the only instrument allowed in Methodist chapels in addition to an organ was a bass viol, ' should the principal singer require it.' It is evident that the brethren who then assembled in Conference did not invite the assistance of a musician in framing their regulations, hence the distinction they drew between ' recitative ' and ' solo ' is scarcely

in accordance with the generally accepted meanings of those terms. Equally mysterious is their idea of ' fuguing,' which they appear to have adopted without examination from John Wesley's ideas on the subject.

Objection to Fiddles.

It is not surprising to find that the licence given by Conference to the presence of a bass viol in the singing pew led to other instruments being gradually introduced. When Queen Street Chapel, Huddersfield, was first opened the singing was accompanied by a carefully selected band of stringed instruments. Some of the members of the congregation strongly objected to the violins, though they readily acquiesced in the use of the big fiddles, especially as they were permitted by Conference. They maintained that the squeak of the fiddle was entirely out of place in the sanctuary, being far too suggestive of the sounds that frequently proceeded from less hallowed places.

A discussion on the subject was subsequently started in the Quarterly Meeting, and supporters and opponents of the fiddle expressed their candid opinion of the instrument without any reserve. There was at that time a notable member of the congregation, Abraham Moss by name, known familiarly as ' owd Abe Moss,' whose renown as a local preacher was great and far extended. The good man was appealed to for a decision on the subject. He replied, ' If t' fiddle is a sinner he's nobbut a little 'un. T' double bass is t' big sinner, an' if eyther on 'em is to be turned out o' choir it ought to be t' big sinner.'

This summing-up proved to be very satisfactory to all concerned. ' T' big sinner ' was there by authority, so he could not be banished, and thus it happened that the fiddle players were allowed to retain their places in the orchestra.

A historic 'cello or bass viol was the one that belonged to the old Mulberry St. Chapel in Sheffield. When that building was closed the instrument was handed over to the newly-erected Norfolk Street Chapel. The Rev. T. A. Seed, in his *History* of the building tells us that the old bow had done such good service that it had to be replaced by a new one at a cost of 8*s.* 2*d.*

Lack of Appreciation

THE HABIT OF DOING WITHOUT IT

By GABRIELLE GARTH

SOME good women who sacrifice themselves on the altar of Home, working, giving, enduring every day, are so fortunate as to belong to an appreciative family. To such, sacrifice is a pleasure rather than a pain.

I know one woman who certainly spends herself almost terribly for her family. Money is scarce, and appearances have to be kept up. There is no margin in the income out of which one good servant could be installed in the home. This woman, gently born, does the whole of the housework. She makes and mends the family wardrobe. The impossible material out of which she will fashion a presentable gown savours of magic. She is always at work in her waking hours; and her sleeping hours are all too short—late needlework and early breakfasts determine this.

The Appreciative Word.

But this woman has a husband who, if he cannot make a good income (and this by no fault of his own) can, and does, always give his wife an appreciative word. ' What a nice little dinner you have given us! ' I have heard him say, when, out of little in money value, his wife has made a dainty dish. And again, ' What a pretty little frock you have made for Mary! ' Or, coming in out of the rain and cold, to a bright fire and a cheerful room, this husband would say to his wife, ' You do make coming home a desirable thing, dear! '

This woman has frequently told me that her husband's unfailing appreciation has often taken all the tiredness out of her.

Where the Word is Absent.

But what of the woman who toils just as the one I have been describing—who in her heart desires the comfort and well-being of her family far more than comfort for herself. She, who has by force of circumstances to make sixpence do the work of a shilling; she whose life is one great contrivance to make ends meet, and for whom mental strain goes hand in hand with physical labour—and yet gets no word of appreciation?

One of these I know personally; and not from her lips have I ever heard one word of complaint. I have seen for myself.

This woman's husband was at one time in a very good position, which he lost—I never learned how. He bitterly resented what he called his fate. He scorned the ' villadom ' into which he had

drifted from a fine establishment. He hated the work he had become compelled to do. He resented everything. He came home always ready to vent upon his wife the ' indignities ' he fancied he had been called upon to endure during the day from his employers.

I saw much of this, because I had undertaken the musical education of a little daughter of his, in whom I had discovered something like genius. I used to bring her home just about the time of her father's arrival from business. The little girl was being educated by the governess who taught my children. I myself taught her music. She was too young to come home alone, so I brought her. The father entirely ignored what I was doing. He preferred to think the child was being paid for in the ordinary way. It had required considerable diplomacy on my part to bring this arrangement about.

Again and again I heard this man make remarks about the home, about the food, about even the appearance of his wife in a shabby but neat gown. I have seen the flush of mortification rise to her cheek. But I never once saw her show ill-temper or resentment. She was always pleasant and gentle, whatever the provocation.

These people left the neighbourhood, and I lost sight of them. But I am sure that somehow that brave little woman won through. She had within her a crystal fount which ever kept the best in her alive. She was a Christian in the truest sense of the word. She did not drag her cross; *she carried it.* Perhaps we never really feel the weight of a cross, unless we *drag it.*

Her case was a little exceptional in my experience. Very few men would systematically wound a good wife as this woman's husband did. He had been rich, and his fall into comparative poverty seemed to have thoroughly embittered him and made him cruel.

Taking Things for Granted.

But many, very many women I have known have been starved for the lack of a word or a look of appreciation when they have strained every nerve to make the very best of things.

There are men who, though really good husbands according to their lights, ' take things for granted ' too much. They do love and appreciate their wives. They do know that these women are working wonders in their home. But somehow it never occurs to them to put into words what they feel in their hearts. Of course, the wife knows their appreciation! Why use useless words? There is the paper to be scanned; possibly an interesting

book to absorb them in the respite from a day's toil, and possibly irritation. It is so comfortable to ' slack off ' and ' not bother.' The pleasant room and the easy chair are to a man balm after a day's fighting to earn. To make no further effort in any direction is nectar. But the wife does not always understand this, and she grieves without reason.

Doing Without Appreciation.

Well, appreciation is a help. We can none of us doubt it; *but we can do without it.* We women can, if we will, find a rich reward in the fact that we *are* doing our level best. After all, what praise of man can compare with that consciousness of having done our best in the sight of God?

We women can all have that, if we will. We have just to do the duty that lies before us, and not look for human appreciation, but for the reward of a conscience void of offence.

If we do get the help of human appreciation, then we may well thank God for it; but it is for us to work in the way God has pointed out to us regardless of human appreciation. To do one's very best is in itself a reward.

For women especially it is well to cultivate the habit of *doing without appreciation.* They perform so many uncongenial tasks —not one day, but every day. It would help such women if they could bring themselves to realize that to *satisfy themselves* is in itself a reward.

Praise often is undeserved. But the *inner conscience* which approves can be a marvellous help towards the next day's toil, as it is a reward for each day in which duty has been conscientiously performed.

The woman who does her own household work encounters at every turn some necessary task which is uncongenial. If she performs these tasks in a spirit of martyrdom, she is adding to her burden a hundred-fold. Work, physical work, is a blessing. What we should do is to thank God for giving us work and the strength to do it.

Believe me, those women who are compelled to work even at menial tasks are far more to be envied than the women who are rich enough to have every household care undertaken for them by paid service. These rich women have all the opportunity of finding dead sea fruit. They feverishly chase the elusive figure of joy, and seldom even grasp its skirts. They have all the leisure to fret in and to be miserable.

Much happier is the woman who is forced to work, if she does that work in the right spirit.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

A Stirring Book of Adventure.

IN days when many are casting wistful glances across the seas, books that faithfully portray the prevailing conditions in the guise of a thrilling story are always welcome. Those who live in crowded areas dream of the vast open spaces where, by the toil of hand and brain, they can clear a portion of land and erect a homestead. The soaring spirit of ambition demands an outlet, and so their thoughts turn to other lands.

Joseph Bowes, who is already well known as an author of stirring stories dealing with Australian life, gives us a fascinating tale of a ' new chum ' in Queensland. The title of the book is *The Young Settler* (price 5*s.* net). Dealing with a youth who, seized by the wanderlust, went out to seek his fortune in the Island Continent, the story shows how he ultimately won through in the face of many difficulties.

The hero of the story is Julian Grey. As a result of his campaigning experiences in Palestine and Syria during the Great War, he is unable to settle down to the fogs and leaden skies of England. The author shows how by various devices he managed to smuggle himself on board the *Good Hope,* a project which was rendered easier by the fact that the captain of the vessel happened to be his uncle. Thus he leaves the Homeland for the free open life that one lives in a new country.

Arriving at the land of his adoption he makes his way to Queensland, where Mr. Colvin, whose wife was Mrs. Grey's sister, had emigrated twenty-five years previously. The young settler's first experience of the bush makes interesting reading, and is described in an attractive and realistic manner. The way in which this young, healthy, strong emigrant, possessed with courage and a resolute will, made good in the service of Colvin will bear thinking about by those who are looking towards that great country.

It was a severe struggle against adversity, and the destructive forces of Nature, such as drought, fire, and flood, not forgetting the innumerable insects which seek ' what they may despoil if not devour.' Nevertheless, these pages reflect a glorious sense of exhilaration and adventure in the life of the pioneer. After a hard day's clearing in the scrub what pleasure there is in gathering round the camp fire for supper! The mantle of darkness has covered the face of the earth and the surroundings

take on the garments of romanticism. Overheard the stars shine brightly from the vault of heaven, the crescent moon gives fantastic shapes to the limbs of the trees, snatches of laughter and melody float across the still night, and the blending of ' bell-tinkle, bird-note, breeze-chant, sea-sound ' makes an agreeable bush symphony!

Scenes are called up, memories of the past revived, faces appear and voices are heard. In his imagination the young settler returns to the old home, and sees the familiar faces lit up in the blaze of a crackling fire, till sleep-laden eyes and stiffened limbs proclaim a weariness which the events of a crowded day had hidden from their notice.

Such are a few of the vivid pen pictures which the author gives us in a book that is full of interest, and, at the same time faithfully portrays conditions in a land that holds great promise for those who have the will to succeed. A thread of romance is introduced, without interfering with the flow of the story, and we believe the book will have many readers.

' Christian Foundations: An Introduction to Christian Doctrine.'

This book is an up-to-date Manual of Christian Doctrine. A text-book specially written to meet the needs of Bible students, by one who is an expert on the subject, we believe that it will supply a real need. The author is the Rev. H. Maldwyn Hughes, B.A., D.D., who will be remembered as the writer of the *Theology of Christian Experience,* and other well-known works.

The Science of Religion has been defined by Dr. Hodge as ' the exhibition of the facts of Scripture in their proper order and relation, with the principles or general truths involved in the facts themselves.' In every other sphere man is not content with noting and registering facts as they are presented to observation, but seeks to reduce them to order and understand their inner connexion. The result of this process is science.

The author examines the ' Foundations ' with scholarly skill, yet in a spirit of penetration and discernment that brings the flashing of unexpected light on a dark place, so that even those who are on familiar ground will find it stimulating to go through the pages with Dr. Hughes as their companion and guide. Fresh vistas of thought open up before the reader as the objects with which theology deals, such as the contents of the Christian consciousness, the belief in God, sin, redemption, immortality, &c., are discussed in their relation to Christian doctrine.

The book is a clear and clarifying study, a lesson not only in

exact thinking but in thoughtfulness, reverence, and trustfulness. It will help to bring the devout soul into closer contact with the central themes, while the earnest moral purpose can scarcely fail to make an impression on the minds of those who are seeking the truth with sincerity of purpose and singleness of heart. The price of the Manual is 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Story of Jesus.

This is a children's life of Christ specially written for boys and girls of tender years. It may be had for half a crown, and is clearly printed in bold type on good paper, fully illustrated in colours and black and white. There are eight coloured plates, which add greatly to the attractiveness of the book, and a cover design also in colours.

Each stage in our Lord's life is set forth in a simple yet arresting way that holds the attention and wins the heart. It is a book that will help to bring the young to Him who is still the Friend of children. The volume should be found in every home where there are young folk.

The Romance of Coal.

A new volume in the ' Book About ' Series, by the popular writer, Ernest Protheroe, is entitled *The Romance of Mining* (price 2*s.* net) which gives an illuminating insight into the life of a miner and the working of a colliery. Although coal is the substance upon which all our staple industries depend for their very existence, its origin is taken for granted, and we seldom think how we came to have immense supplies of this mineral fuel. As the author says, ' Before coal was used to produce steam it was practically impossible for there to be a busy town except in the vicinity of a mill-stream, and the iron industry could only be carried on in the neighbourhood of woods and forests that yielded a supply of wood fuel.'

Much useful knowledge is contained in the book, and when the reader lays it down he will have acquired a considerable amount of valuable information. Most people know that just as chalk and limestone are a fossilized animal product, so coal is of vegetable origin, but not all are aware that the fossil plants in the coal measures vary according to their latitudinal situation. Those, for example, in the north, in a region such as Greenland, are the remains of vegetation like that which now grows in mid-Europe, while the British coal seams show the remains of plants similar to those nearer the tropics.

Great Britain is fortunate in the possession of immense stores

of coal, and at one time four-fifths of the world's total production was raised in the United Kingdom, the United States, and Germany, and the British yield far exceeded that of her competitors. As far back as 1660 about 2,250,000 tons of coal were raised in a year in England, and the quantity rose steadily until the annual output was doubled by 1760, and in 1800 had reached 10,000,000 tons. By 1854 the output was more than six times as much, and in 1871 it had risen to 118,000,000 tons. The increase rose to 271,000,000 tons in 1911, and 287,000,000 tons, valued at £146,000,000, in 1913.

Very informing are the chapters on discovering the coal and the working of a mine. The two chief methods are briefly touched upon, though they naturally vary according to the local conditions. The object always kept in view is to combine the most economical working with the greatest possible measure of comfort and safety for the workers.

In addition to coal the ores of other metals are dealt with, including iron, ' the unfailing symbol of civilization,' and gold. A most interesting book closes with a chapter on diamonds, which, although only pure carbon crystallized, are considered the most precious of all gems, being ' steeped in romance and symbolical meaning from the very earliest times.'

A Book for a Country Ramble.

To get the full enjoyment out of a walk in the country it is necessary to have at least an elementary knowledge of flowers and fruits. We are born with a love of Nature, and by cultivating this inherent taste we shall both add to our own happiness and be in a position to share it with others.

Any book therefore that fosters this love will prove a fountain of delight to many. The ' How to Identify ' Series have already proved their worth in this direction, and it is with pleasure we announce a new volume dealing with British wild fruits. The author is Richard Morse, F.L.S., F.R.H.S., an authority on the subject. In his preface he states that the purpose of this illuminating little volume is to ' extend a helping hand to the beginner in the study of our wild fruits.' We have no doubt that once the interest of the young people is aroused in this fascinating pastime they will pursue it with zest.

In view of the fact that we are now at the crown of the year, this book gives a new charm to our rambles in the fields and woods in late summer and autumn days. The price of *British Wild Fruits* is 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

NEW LIGHT ON WESLEY.

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